Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 179.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 8, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo] **Lady Penrhyn** [*Keturah-Collings*

The wife of the new Lord Penrhyn, who recently succeeded to the title on the death of his father. She is a sister of Lord Southampton, and has Royal blood, that of Charles II., in her veins. Her husband, owning as he does the vast slate quarries in Carnarvonshire, is one of the richest men in England

No. 179.—Vol. XIV.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, May 8, 1907

	PAGE
Frontispiece	269
Bystander Comments	271
The Candid Method	272
Water (?)-loo	273
The King at Naples	274
The World's Pageant	275
The Playhouses	284
Continental Chat	288
The Royal Academy: Some Notable Pictures of the Year	291
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.—No. 74: "The Coffee Stage." By Fred M. White	297
A Ghostly Reality	299
Indian Mutiny Jubilee	301
Will Suez Be Superseded?	303
Automobile Topics	308
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	313
The Cult of the Cottage	314
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	317
The Library	320
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQ. ADA REEVE.
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY. MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE.
BRANSBY WILLIAMS. And Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BALKAN STATES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR
WILL OPEN THE EXHIBITION IN STATE ON
SATURDAY, MAY 4.
Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., 1s.
Season Tickets, 10s. 6. Weekly Tickets, 2s. 6d.
SERVIAN SECTION—QUEEN'S PALACE.
BULGARIAN SECTION—IMPERIAL COURT.
MONTENEGRIN SECTION—DUCAL HALL.
WORKING TOBACCO EXHIBITS.
Manufactures, Raw Product, Arts and Industries.
IN THE BALKAN VILLAGE.
Native Crafts and Village Industries.
50 PEASANT DANCERS AND GIPSY MUSICIANS,
In the Summer Theatre—FREE.
"Through the Balkans in 10 minutes."
VIEWS OF MONASTIR, SHIPKA PASS, CATTARO.
GRAND MILITARY AND PROMENADE CONCERTS.
ATTRACTIONS AT THE
BALKAN STATES EXHIBITION.
"OLD JAPAN," IN THE EMPRESS HALL,
With its Temples, Monuments, Teahouses, and Geisha.
A COLONY OF ART MISSIONARIES.
JAPANESE THEATRE—FREE.
Great Free Show Daily.
THE FISHING CORMORANTS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." By Sir Philip Sidney. (Routledge: 6s. net.)
"The Great Plot." By William Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"Mrs. Beeton's Family Cookery." (Ward, Lock: 5s. net.)
"The Fool Hath Said." By "Amio." (John Long: 1s. net.)
"The Motoring Annual." (*Motoring Illustrated*: 5s.)
"The Fall of Napoleon." By Oscar Browning. (John Lane: 12s. 6d. net.)
"A Yankee Napoleon." By John F. Macpherson. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Millionaire and the Lady." By Gertrude Warden. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Girl in Grey." By Curtis Yorke. (John Long: 6d.)
"The Great Craneboro' Conspiracy." By John Oakley. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"Harland's Military Annual." (Harlands: 1s. net.)
"Lessons on Golf." By W. H. Webb. (*The World of Golf*: 1s.)
"The Cinematograph in Science, Education, and Matters of State." By Charles Urban. (1s.)
"Days in Cornwall." By C. Lewis Hind. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Devon." By S. Baring Gould, M.A. (Methuen: 2s. 6d. net.)
"The Laws of Bridge." By W. Dalton. (De La Rue: 1s. net.)
"The Creed of a Layman." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.)
"The Poems of Keats." By Arthur Symons. (Jack: 2s. 6d.)

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad Canada excepted	Canada
Twelve Months (52 Numbers) ..	£1 8 2	£1 10 10	£1 10 4
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	18 5	15 2
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 3	7 7

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,
"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.
NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be 1d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday May 8, 1907

To-night the King dines the Colonial Premiers at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty has shown his usual tact in delaying this meal until the Premiers have got what is, in sporting parlance, known as their "second wind."

* * *

It is doubtful if we have much to teach the Japanese in the way of arsenals, but, after visiting Woolwich yesterday, Prince Fushimi will admit that we have raised to a very high pitch the art of dismissing superfluous workmen.

* * *

The fossil tooth of a hippopotamus has been found in North America, and geologists are — according to a halfpenny paper — now saying that the animal must, contrary to all previous evidence, have existed there. Perhaps some enterprising journalist will shortly light on the remains of the dentist.

* * *

The problem as to whether statues should be alive or otherwise seems a vexatious one. In a sense, statues must live, even though the National Vigilance Association does not see the necessity. But they might, perhaps, live by some other profession than that of being statues. The N.V.A. suggests that living statues are not Art; but, then, what statues are Art in this country? Not, surely, the stone statues that decorate London? Not, surely, the Albert Memorial? On the whole, we are inclined to think that statuary, whether living or dead, is not very safe in British hands; so that the Bishops are probably right, and the less we have to do with it the better.

* * *

Socialists have long maintained that the history of the acquisition of land by the great land-owners might be summed up in the proverb, "Finding's keeping." Now that the Government has begun its attack upon the land-owners, the latter have begun to retaliate by saying that Holding's (particularly small Holdings) stealing.

What our artists have to put up with

Boy: "Shall ye be 'ere to-morrer, mister?"
Impressionist: "No, my lad. The picture is finished now"
Boy: "Finished? Aw, 'ow do ye tell when it be finished, then?"
(By Arthur Lee)

Now that the season has begun, the voice of the American is heard in the land. Tower officials are waking up from their winter's sleep, and the models at Madame Tussaud's are said to be looking more life-like than ever. But how on earth does the *Daily Mail* know that "four separate small parties of American visitors strolled up Bond Street in the rain yesterday afternoon, and, in the course of two hours, spent in various shops a sum of a little over a thousand pounds"? Is every party of shopping Americans dogged by a reporter from our enterprising contemporary?

* * *

Medical controversies pass over the heads of the public as a rule. But that on alcohol—between the *Lancet* and the *Medical Press and Circular* — is not unamusing. It will be remembered that the *Lancet* issued a pronouncement, signed by leading physicians, that "the moderate use of alcohol by adults was usually beneficial." So wild, reckless and exaggerated a statement could not pass unchallenged. Up pops the *Medical Press and Circular*, with a manifesto—by equally leading doctors—stating that "the general use of alcohol could be discontinued without detriment to the world's welfare."

* * *

Either pronouncement would apply equally well to riding on elephants or eating currant buns. But they were worth having, if only to show how beautifully doctors can express themselves. For the benefit of waverers, we have compressed the essence of the arguments as follows:

Anderson, Duckworth, and Browne assert you
Will find that a moderate drink won't hurt you:
Treves, Ewart, and Barr are by way of thinking
That you'll keep quite as well if you give up drinking.

* * *

Alas, that all controversies are not as helpful as this! How is the mere layman to decide whether the rattlesnake ought to have live rabbits for dinner or

not? Mr. Coleridge urged the secretary of the Zoo last week to feed the reptiles on "still life" or not at all. How—he asked, in effect—would the Secretary of the Zoo like first to be fascinated and then swallowed alive by a rattlesnake? What would be his feelings as he went down the last lap of the reptile? The Secretary couldn't say, not having tried, but seemed to think rabbits might not dislike being fascinated. And why should the poor rattlesnake be starved to death by Humanitarians?

* * *

It is difficult, somehow, to get up much sympathy with a rattlesnake. The fact that it rattles before biting you is merely an aggravation, like a chauffeur hooting before he runs you down. But there is something in the view that rabbits like being fascinated. Look at Spiritualists in the presence of the medium. Consider Archdeacon Colley. True, the believers in spirits are not swallowed afterwards. They swallow. On the whole, we sympathise with the Colleys—we should say, the rabbits.

* * *

Mr. Howard Ruff, Honorary Secretary of the Royal Society of St. George, has been writing to the papers to say that the King's birthday, and not May 24, should be celebrated as Empire Day, inasmuch as May 24 clashes with Whitsuntide, and thereby prevents the whole adult population of England from participating in what should be an Imperial anniversary. This seems decidedly Ruff on Empire Day.

WANTED, Post as Secretary.—By a young lady, cheerful disposition, good piano player and conversationalist, sings, fluent French.—(*From a contemporary.*)

In the intervals, when his cheery secretary is not playing on the piano, or chatting fluently in French, the employer of this young lady should be able to get through quite a lot of work.

* * *

From the Diary of a Colonial Premier

TUESDAY.—Lunch, Skinners'—Spoke on "Imperial" Unity; Proposed health of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. Dinner, Tanners' — Proposed Haldane's health. Consulted doctor.

WEDNESDAY.—Lunch, Cordwainers'—Proposed Sir Edward Grey; Spoke on "Imperial" Diplomacy. Reception, Lady B.'s. Dinner, Colonial Club—Spoke on "Imperial" Defence; Proposed Sir Haldane Battleman. Saw specialist.

THURSDAY.—Breakfast, Suffragists—Proposed Mr. Asquith; Spoke on "Imperial" Woman. Lunch in bed. Consultation between doctor and specialist.

FRIDAY.—Lunch, Suffolkshire Pilgrims—Spoke on "Imperial" Idea; Proposed Sir Campbell Chamberlain. Opened Bazaar "Imperial" Wastrels. Fainted. Dinner, Colonial Cowboys—Proposed Mr. Haldane Grey; Spoke on "Imperial" Aggression. Saw solicitor; Made Will.

SATURDAY.—Wired all engagements off. Saw undertaker.

SUNDAY.—Rested in bed. Feeling better. Long live the Empire!

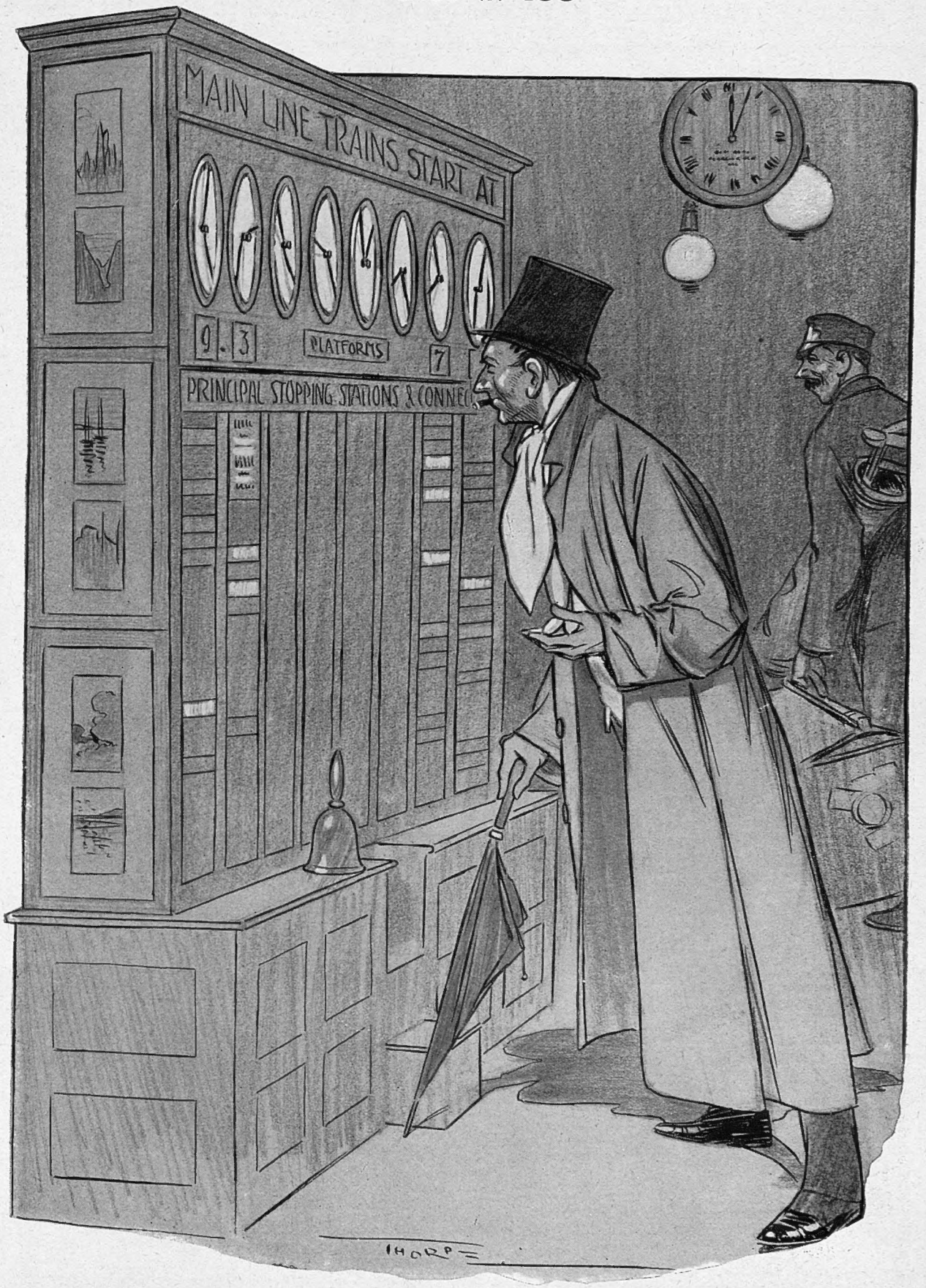
The Candid Method

SHE: "Don't you think the new *débutante's* voice is perfectly heavenly?"
HE: "Quite unearthly!"

(BY DUDLEY HARDY)

(NOTE.—*No copyright fee attaches to the use of the above formula, but the method should be employed with care.*—ED.)

Water (?)-loo



FESTIVE GENTLEMAN *(comparing his watch)*: **"One of ush 's wrong, anyway!"**

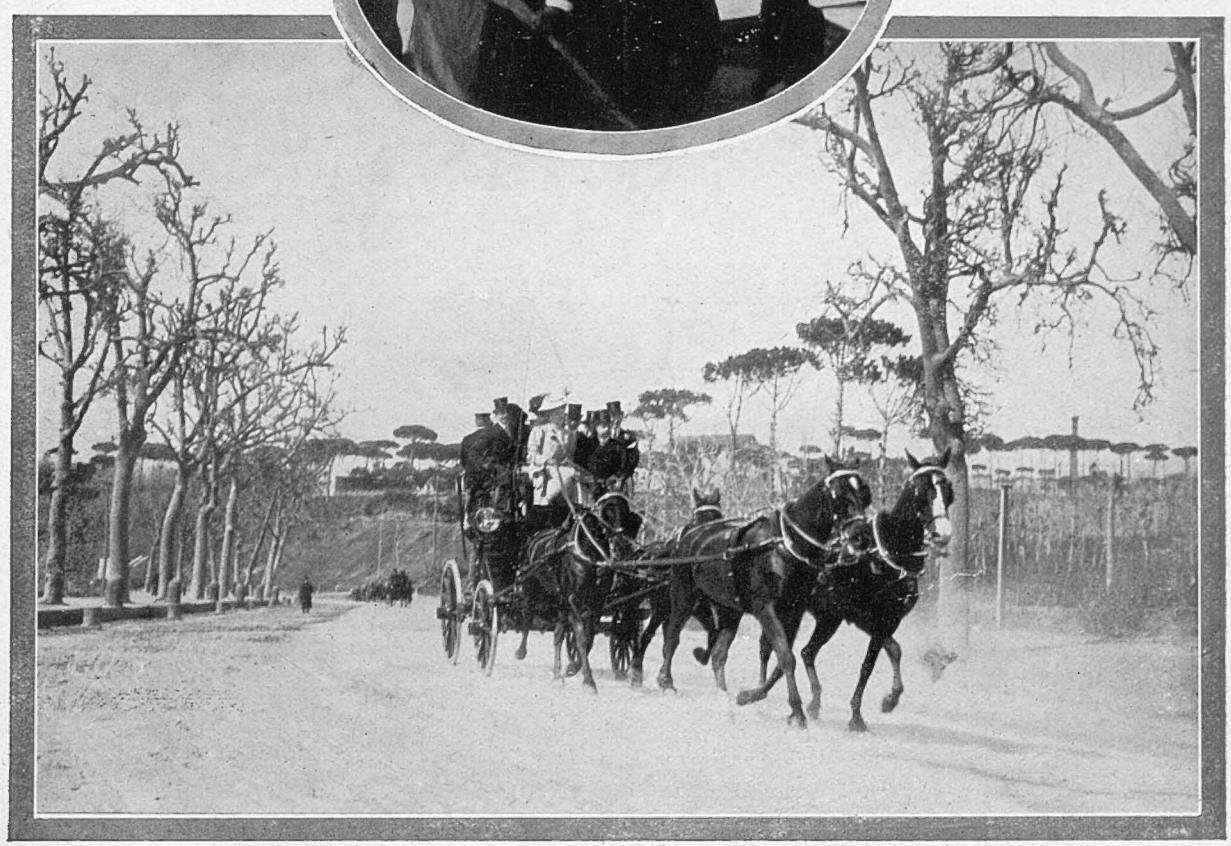
BY THORPE

The King and Queen in Italy

THE NEAPOLITAN SEASON TERMINATES WITH THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT

The Duke and Duchess d'Aosta returning from the races at the Champs de Mars, near Naples

The King and Queen landing at Naples from the Royal Yacht



Princess Hekiav Hilmy, a relation of the Khedive of Egypt, driving her four-in-hand to the races at Naples

Naples, where the season came to an end after their Majesties' visit, has been twice visited by the King and Queen duri g th ir late tour. With Naples as their headquarters, they made many delightful excursions to places of interest, and were present at several social functions of importance, including a Gala performance at the Opera and the race meeting held at the Champs de Mars

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King's Return

To-night (Wednesday), at Buckingham Palace, His Majesty the King will entertain the Colonials to dinner. Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria being still abroad, no ladies are included amongst the guests. Last night, a State banquet took place in honour of Prince Fushimi of Japan, and to-morrow King Edward, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, visits Aldershot for a review on Laffan's Plain, also in honour of Prince Fushimi.

* * *

None Too Soon

As I said last week, the absence of the King and Queen from England during the last few epoch-making weeks has been cause for regret to many fervent Imperialists. It is quite obvious, however, that this same absence has, in reality, been only another instance of that tact and good policy which are the distinguishing features of our Sovereign. His Majesty doubtless realised that his Government, during the recent crisis, was best left to fight its own battles. His presence in England would almost inevitably have forced him to take sides, had any difference of opinion on high policy between the Government and the Premiers been brought before him. Discretion, therefore, whatever the aforesaid fervent Imperialists may say to the contrary, was, in this case, the better part of valour.

* * *

Britain's Secession

"Great Britain," remarked one of the entourage of a Colonial Premier to me, coming out of the fateful sitting in which Mr. Asquith definitely declined Preference, "has notified her official secession from the British Empire." This is, perhaps, putting the case somewhat strongly. However, I am bound to say that so very forcible, so "damnably lucid," a defence of what is known as "Free Trade" has come somewhat of a shock to people of all shades of politics. We knew, of course, that the Preference door would needs be closed by His Majesty's present advisers; we were hardly prepared for the resounding bang which Mr. Asquith gave it. Mr. Asquith is Cobdenism's most dogmatic defender, and being so, was, perhaps, the worst man to be put up to reply for the Mother Country. The *suaviter in modo* was wanted rather than the *fortiter in re*, and general regret is expressed that the rebuff was not administered by an orator of more silvery tongue—say, the Prime Minister himself, or even the sympathetic and bantering Mr. Lloyd George. I fear the damage done by the Asquith *fiat* will be hideous, not because of its matter, but the manner of its delivery. The Colonials return with their tails between their legs, the only one of them to retreat with any grace being Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who came with his already thus. He expected little, said less, and is not, therefore, disappointed.

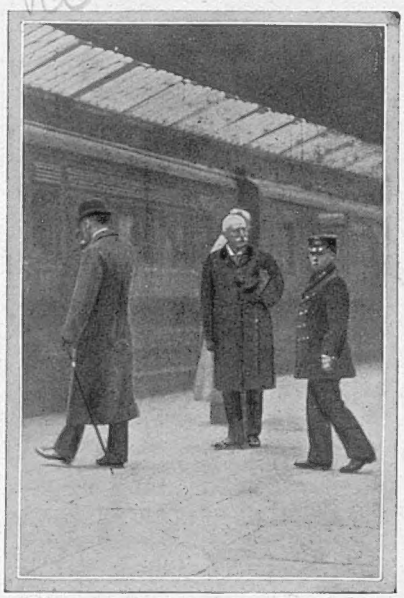


Photo *L.E.A.*

Prince Edward leaving Waterloo, the Prince of Wales in front

Last week Prince Edward was taken by his father, the Prince of Wales, to the Royal Naval College, Osborne, which he has joined as an ordinary cadet

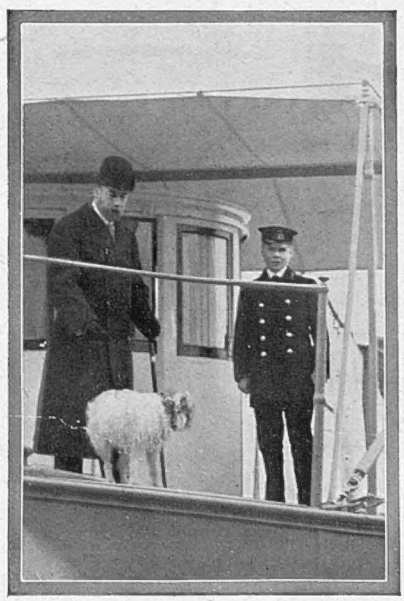


Photo *Russell*

Crossing from Portsmouth to Osborne

* * *

The Case for Preference

To stand side by side in war, and yet in the market-place to allow foreign competitors a free field, is surely not the right policy for a nation whose very foundations of power rest on its trade. It is as a nation of shopkeepers that we have risen to pre-eminence. It is as such we must continue if we are to remain pre-eminent. A "squalid bond," once said the Premier, would be a union brought about by Preferential trade; a still more "squalid bond," we venture to think, is that uncertain one which, while it accepts and expects Preferential treatment, yet refuses to grant a single reciprocal privilege.

* * *

A Great Protectionist

And while on the question of Tariff Reform, one cannot pass over, without a word of regret, the

Mr. Chaplin Ambushed at Wimbledon

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Henry Chaplin

The veteran Protectionist, who has been unexpectedly opposed for Wimbledon by a Suffragist candidate, Mr. Bertrand Russell

opposition offered to the return for Wimbledon of Mr. Henry Chaplin. For nearly forty years Mr. Chaplin sat in the House of Commons, the valiant fighter for, and doughty champion of, the rights and privileges of the wheat-growers of England. Last year, at the General Election, "the Squire" was defeated by Mr. Lupton, a strong Liberal, in the Sleaford Division. Five years previously, for reasons still unsolved, he had been left out of Lord Salisbury's last Administration, but from that time to the day of his defeat at the Election the voice of Mr. Chaplin had been raised long and often from the freedom of the back benches below the gangway. Socially, the most popular of men, Mr. Chaplin is also one of the most kind-hearted. As the owner of Hermit, he is, of course, "a Nestor of the race-course"; as an epicure, a connoisseur of rare wine and rarer food, he comes next only to that journalistic gourmet, Colonel Newnham-Davis; as the hero of romance he has most gracefully figured; as a master of long-windedness he is still remembered; and in courtesy, in kindness, and in generosity he has no equal. He is the father of two pretty daughters, one is Lady Castlereagh, the other, Miss Florence Chaplin, is still unmarried.

Photo *Beresford*

Sir Horace Plunkett

Vice-President of the Irish Board of Agriculture, who resigns his position at Whitsun. The matter has been the cause of some acrimonious discussion in the House

* * *

The Home Rule Bill

The introduction of the Home Rule Bill—disguised—by Mr. Birrell in the House of Commons last night could scarcely have been more opportune. Steps are being taken to ensure a United Empire; why not, at the same time, a United Kingdom? As I write, the Bill, of course, has not been introduced, but it is known that it has undergone very considerable alteration since it was first drafted, and that it

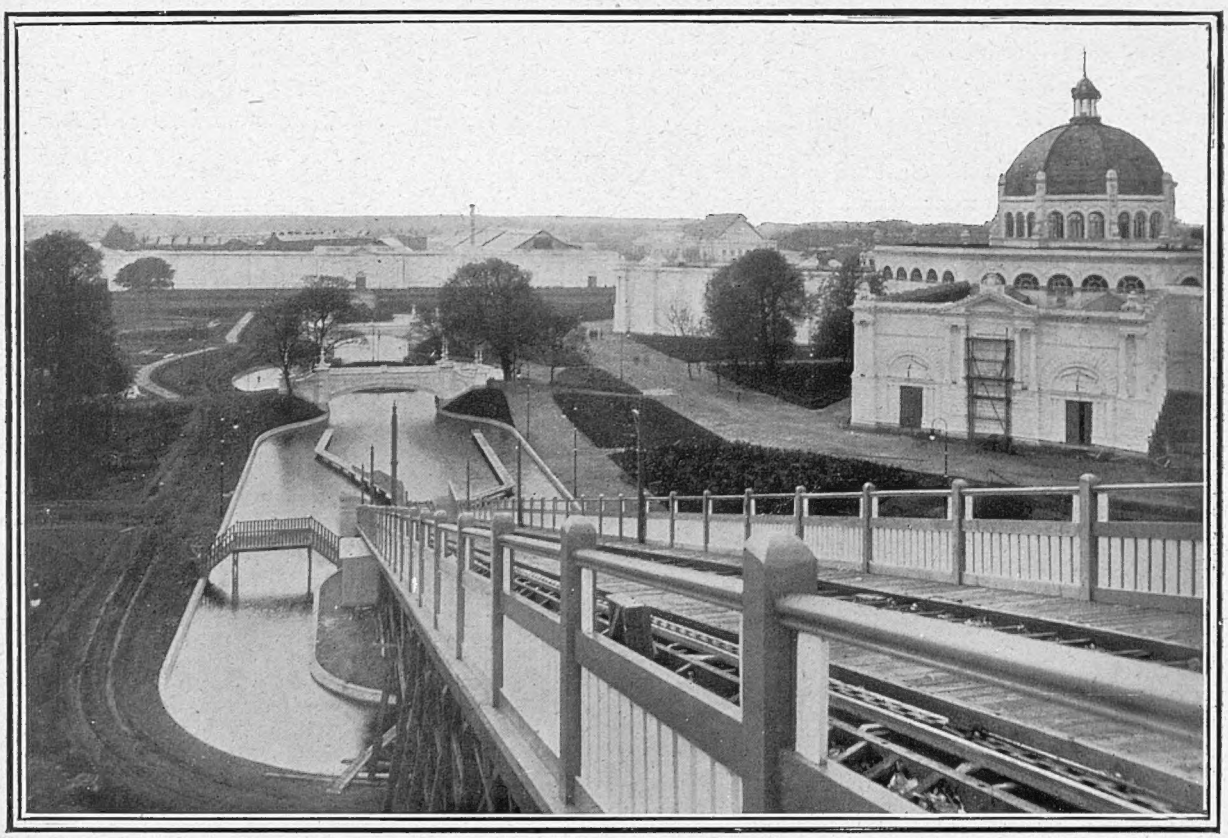


Photo *Roche*

The Irish International Exhibition: A general view of the Exhibition rom the water-chute

The Irish International Exhibition in Dublin was opened in State on Saturday last by Lord and Lady Aberdeen

Not Wanted by the War Office

has been the cause of much dissension between the Irish Party and the Government. Briefly, the Bill will aim at setting up in Dublin an Administrative Council. This Council is to have complete control over all public expenditure in Ireland, but its work will be strictly administrative, and no legislative functions will be conferred on it. Mr. Birrell, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, will probably preside over the Council, and the British Parliament will vote the sums set out in the Irish Estimates. It is a Bill, in fact, which, according to Mr. Birrell, is to give the Irish people some control over, and sympathy with, the administration of certain great branches of their law.

* * *

Sir Horace Plunkett

Where the satisfaction of their political ambitions is concerned, the Home Rule Party in Parliament do not, it is very evident, intend to allow the welfare (or otherwise) of Ireland to stand in their way. Very certainly, had the prosperity and well-being of the country, or the efficiency and genius of its servants, come before Party politics, Sir Horace Plunkett would not, at Whitsuntide, have been forced to resign his appointment as Vice-President of the Board of Agriculture in Ireland. Sir Horace has one great fault. He is a Unionist. Against this he has loyalty, genius, courage, sympathy, a never-failing grasp of agricultural questions, and a great love for Ireland and the Irish. Many Liberals, especially those most conversant with Irish affairs, on account of Sir Horace Plunkett's great services to his native land, are more than willing to tolerate the anomaly which he presents of a Conservative Minister acting under a Liberal Administration. But the Nationalists thought otherwise, and Sir Horace is to go, after having retained his present position at the special request of the Government, and for no possible fault except that he is no Nationalist.

Photo "*Graphic*" *Photo Agency*

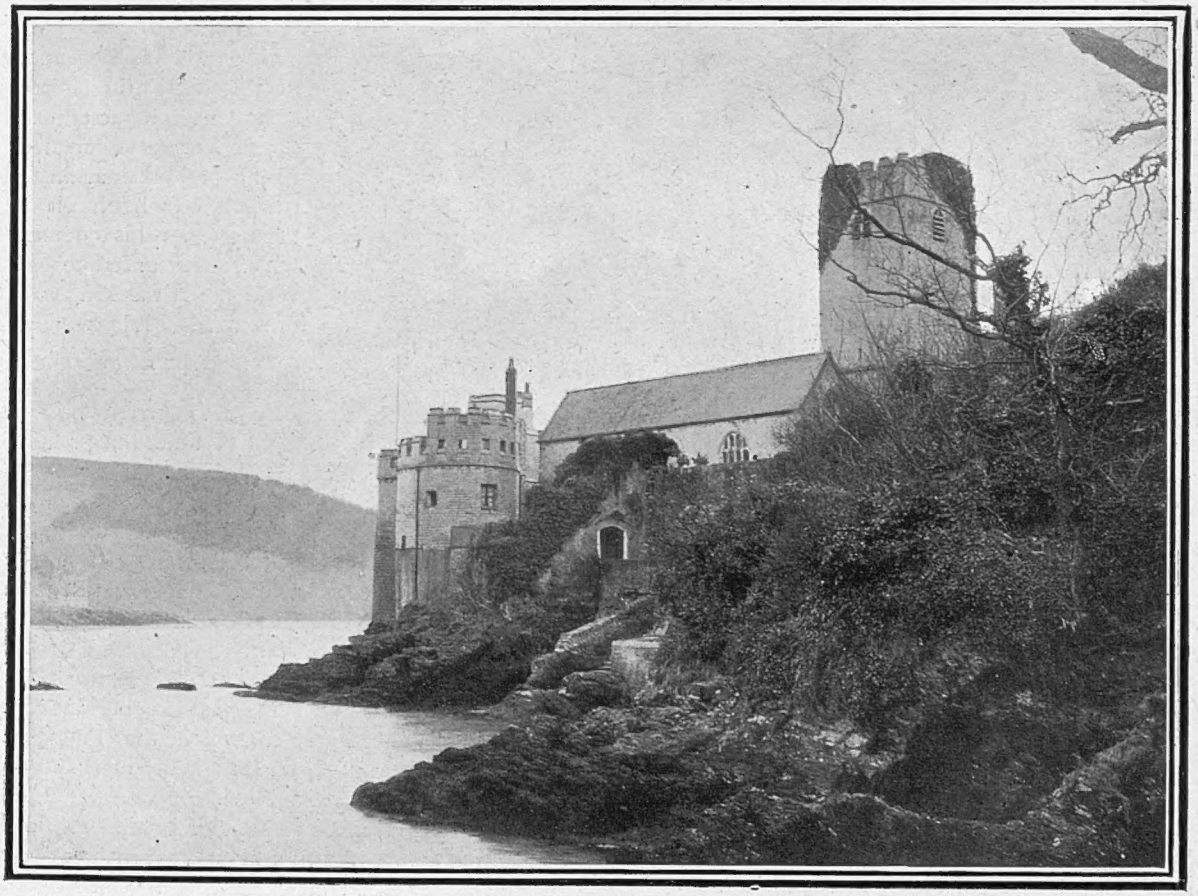
The Bishop of Ely's London Residence

Ely House, Dover Street, which has been gazetted for sale to found new bishoprics, is the last of the London residences owned in former times by several provincial Bishops

* * *

The Irish International Exhibition

There is also a certain irony in the fact that the Irish International Exhibition should be opened within a few days of the introduction of the



Photo] **Not Wanted by the War Office: Dartmouth Castle, at the mouth of the Dart** [*Carslake Winter-Wood*

Dartmouth Castle, which is to be handed over by the War Department to the Office of Works as a historical building, is a very ancient structure, dating from the reign of Henry VII., but a castle stood on the site in the Saxon period

The Thousand Pound Ghost

latest thing in Home Rule Bills. The Exhibition is an important feature of that killing-by-kindness policy which the late Government and Sir Horace Plunkett adopted towards Home Rule. The two, therefore, are in reality anomalies. The Exhibition cannot possibly be a success without large support from England Yet the Home Rule Party wish to be in no way "beholden" to England; they would like, indeed, to ignore its very existence. It will be a dreadful pity, though, if, as seems not improbable, the Exhibition turns out to be something of a "frost." So much money, time, and trouble have been spent on it, and so much depends upon its success.

* * *

An Irish Victory

The defeat of Miss May Hezlet, at Dollymount, Dublin, by Miss F. Walker Leigh, of the Foxrock Club, in the Irish Ladies' Golf Championship has once more brought to light the time-honoured question—the fairness, or otherwise, of deciding a championship by matches instead of scores. Without being technical, it is very evident to see that, by making the scores the determining factor, it would obviously be more possible to arrive at a true test of ability. Miss Walker Leigh is famous for her long putts—a form of the game in which women should excel—and she only beat Mrs. Lionel Jackson by holing a long putt on the last green. She has three times been near to the supreme honour she now holds, twice in the Irish and once in the Open Championship, having been runner-up to Miss Rhona Adair, who has recently been married, and Miss May Hezlet in the Irish Championships of 1901 and 1904, and to Miss Adair in the Ladies' Open Championship of 1903. Miss Hezlet, her vanquished opponent, belongs to an Ulster family, whose devotion to golf is proverbial, and who find their chief pleasure, from the cradle to the grave, on the links.

Photo *A. B. Pascoe*

The Duchess de Santona

Wife of the Duc de Santona, a Spanish grandee shortly visiting England for the polo season

* * *

A Bishop's London Residence

It is not, perhaps, common knowledge that Ely House, Dover Street, which has been gazetted for sale to found new bishoprics, is the last of the London residences owned, in former times, by several provincial prelates. Winchester House, in St. James's Square, the survivor of three similar mansions, was sold to the War Office on the sub-division of the diocese. A hundred years or so ago, the Bishops of Chichester had a mansion, the name of which still remains, in Chichester Rents, Chancery Lane, and in this neighbourhood the Bishops of Chichester still hold property. Ely House, Dover Street, a photograph of which we publish, was given to the Bishops of Ely in lieu of Ely Place, Holborn, famous in the days of Shakespeare for "good strawberries." Here, within the memory of living man, householders still retained their Parliamentary vote for Cambridgeshire; and here, too, were gardens, the like of which were enjoyed by no other bishoprics.

* * *

The Thousand Pound Ghost

On the whole, I am not surprised at the result of the Colley and Maskelyne ghost case. Whatever Mr. Maskelyne's grievances may have been, it was rather strong to accuse his opponent of being an impostor in matters which had nothing to do with the subject in dispute, especially as it was obvious that if there was any defect in Mr. Colley's appointment as Archdeacon the fault was not his, but Bishop Colenso's. But I doubt whether the plaintiff would have got as much as he did without the unintentional assistance of Mr. Justice Ridley. Every litigant has a right to put his case fairly to the jury, and to answer the arguments of his opponent as well as he can, and in this case the exposure of the real character of Dr. Monck's *séances* created a strong prejudice against the plaintiff which it was necessary for his counsel to remove in order to get a verdict. It was Mr. Bankes's duty to deal fully with every point in the case in his final speech, but the learned judge thought fit not only to interrupt him with pointed allusions to the flight of time, but practically to tell the jury that Mr. Colley's character was such that it could not be substantially injured by an accusation of fraud. That was a question, not for the judge, but for the jury, and they, I suspect, intended by their verdict to express their resentment at having the case taken out of their hands.

* * *

Spooks at St. George's Hall

I don't know whether the matinée of Maskelyne and Devant's Mysteries to which the Press were invited last Wednesday was originally intended as a celebration of an anticipated victory over Mr. Colley or not, but it was an excellent entertainment, in the course of which the defeat was turned to good account more than once. Mr. Karl Germain and Joad Heteb did some very clever sleight-of-hand tricks, many of which were new to me, and

Our New Royal Visitors

Photo *Uhlenhuth*

H.R.H. The Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (with her baby son), who is now on a visit to England

The Grand Duke and Duchess are now staying quietly at Claremont with the Duke's mother, the Duchess of Albany. On Sunday, the Royal pair, with a delightfully British lack of ceremony, walked together through the fields and lanes to Esher to Divine service. The Duchess, formerly Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, was married in October, 1905, and her baby son, the heir to the Duchy, was born last August

A Colonial Puzzle Picture

Mr. Percy French as a lightning sketch artist, and Mr. Barclay Gammon in a sort of Corney Grain musical sketch, were quite two of the best performers in their respective lines that I have ever seen. As regards the spooks, I cannot compare Mr. Maskelyne's spectres with those of the professional mediums, as I have never had the privilege of seeing the latter, but I cannot see how even a genuine ghost could be an improvement upon the St. George's Hall variety; and Mr. Colley appears to think so, too, for immediately after the verdict in the case his solicitors wrote to Mr. Maskelyne withdrawing the £1,000 challenge.

* * *

The Oxford Pageant

Last year, it may be remembered, my allusions, such as they were, to the Pageant fever that obsessed the country (Pageantitis) were couched in somewhat supercilious vein. May I be allowed, now, to make due apologies? I misreported myself. The printer, as Mr. Birrell would say, "did not put the exact turn on my phrase I now think I should have put upon it." To be brief, I have *caught* Pageantitis. Oxford was, last week, the scene of my infection. Lured thither by the hospitality of Mr. Mayor, I was entertained and conducted to the place at which, at the end of next June, will be enacted Oxford's own little historic orgie, wherein the town's history will be told, sartorially, from the eighth to the eighteenth centuries. Now when Oxford enters the lists; when austere Academics lend their countenance to Pageantry; when the stage (in the person of Mr. Beerbohm Tree) connives; when Nature lends for the purpose such a superb amphitheatre as the Christchurch Meadow, with its winding Cherwell and its whispering trees—well, then, I am bound to admit that the seal of high respectability is placed on Pageantitis, making it a complaint which nobody should omit to have—once.

Photo *D'Arcy*

Miss F. Walker Leigh

Of the Foxrock Golf Club, the winner of the Irish Ladies' Golf Championship at Dollymount, Dublin

* * *

Ancestor Worship for Britain

Oxford, of course, has scarcely such a plethora of historic incidents to its credit as, say, Bury St. Edmunds

A CROWD OF COLONIALS: WHERE IS IT? PRIZE COMPETITION FOR READERS

The above is a photograph of a crowd in one of the British Colonies. In order to put our readers' knowledge to the test, we offer a Prize of *One Guinea* to the sender of the first postcard, to reach this office between now and the first post on Saturday morning, May 11, which contains the name of the place where the crowd is assembled. Postcards, to be marked "Colonial," should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., whose decision will be final. Colonial Premiers may compete!

In Honour of Shakespeare

THE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

A Familiar Landmark: A crowd of sightseers outside Shakespeare's House in Henley Street

General View of Stratford-on-Avon from the Theatre Tower

The High Street

Historic Stratford-on-Avon has been the centre of great activity during the recent Festival in honour of her famous son. Besides Mr. Benson's production of many of the bard's favourite plays, in which many of the best-known players have also taken part, an old-world touch was given to the proceedings in the shape of Morris dances, may-pole dances, and old English games

An Historic Group of Statesmen

or Winchester. It is, however, an ideal rendezvous for a Pageant; and, therefore, the days of the function (June 27th to July 3rd) should be truly memorable. The sanction of the 'Varsity, the co-operation of gown and town upon the basis of mutual historic glories, should secure unusually splendid results. I shall have more to say on this matter as the arrangements for the Pageant approach more nearly to completion. In the meantime, the city is agog with interest. The shop-windows announce "Pageant" clothes; "Pageant" hats and ties, and waistcoats and boots; "Pageant" picture postcards, grave and gay. Local hostesses are already arranging with each other the "periods" in which they will entertain their respective house-parties. A "Tudor"

Academy. For on the walls of that emporium of British art are counterfeits of all the really *chic*, Hebraic ladies in Mayfair. Black velvet, priceless pearls, and misty ermine are their only wear; dark, Eastern eyes, pomegranate lips, and dead white, powdered skins, their only motley. What a chance for a portrait painter to show that Sargent is not the only man in the world who can paint black-blue velvet and white, translucent flesh! I quite enjoyed looking at the first two or three of these ladies. They are so very pert, so very *chic*, and they look so very expensive. But after a while I wearied. There were two or three of them in every room. And there are *ten* oil-painting rooms at Burlington House!

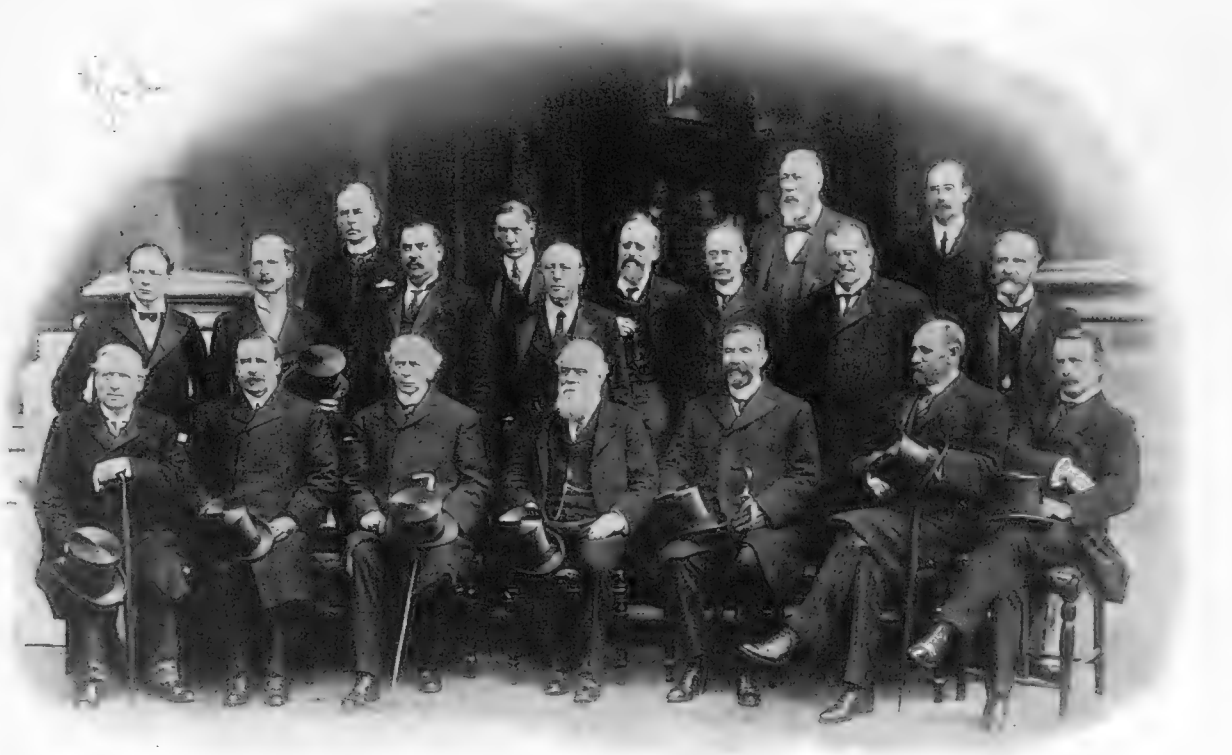


Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Imperial Conference: An historic group, taken at the Colonial Office after the Preference Debate

Reading from left to right are: (*Back row*) Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Holderness, Sir William Lyne, Mr. W. A. Robinson; (*Middle row*) Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Francis Hopwood, General Botha, Sir J. Mackay, Mr. G. W. Johnson, Mr. H. W. Just, the Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Sir Robert Bond; (*Front row*) Mr. Asquith, Sir Joseph Ward, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Elgin, Mr. Deakin, Mr. Moor, Mr. Lloyd-George

one is already fixed, while others, in which Saxon, Norman, Jacobean, and Stuart costumes will be *de rigueur*, are in process of organisation. The actual scene of the Pageant is so deliciously free from the disfigurement of aught that is modern, architecturally, that it is the joyous claim of the promoters that the spectators on the stands will, themselves, be the only anachronism! But, more sinister and more imaginative still, I heard one of the organisers of the Pageant define the object of these festivals as the gradual introduction of Shintoism—ancestor worship—into England! If this prospect, coming on top of the prohibition of *The Mikado*, does not cement, for all time, our Japanese alliance, then nothing will.

* * *

A Glimpse of the Academy

I dreamed I walked in the streets of Jerusalem (or was it Hampstead?) the other night after visiting the

Portraits, Portraits, Portraits all the Way

At a rough computation, I should say that every sixth or seventh picture at the Academy this year is a portrait. As there are some 1,500 pictures, this means that there are plenty, and to spare. Mr. Sargent, of course, has any number. Some with a lot of work in them; some showing signs of weariness—and no wonder; but what a fortune he must be making! The length of Lady Eden's neck, in his picture of her in the first room, is simply abnormal. Nothing, of course, could detract from her ladyship's beauty; but really, I am sure, in this painting, her neck must be a quarter of a yard long at least! Mr. Richard Jack has a most breezy portrait of J. H. Taylor, the late Open Golf Champion; Mr. Albert Collings has fine portraits of Lord and Lady Ampthill; and Mr. J. J. Shannon, amongst others, sends a delightful portrait of the very handsome T. A. Shannon, Esq.

The Iron Bonds of Empire

THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD IN HONOUR OF THE COLONIAL PREMIERS

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

An Episode of Mimic War

Removing the body of a "dead" man

Photo *Russell and Sons*

After the Review

Colonial Premiers and friends leaving the *Dreadnought*

Photo *Parker*

The Premiers' Experience of the Game of War: The "Dreadnought" "torpedoed" with the Premiers aboard

One of the most interesting features of last Friday's great naval display at Spithead was the march past of destroyers and submarines. The former, as they steamed past, discharged dummy torpedoes at the *Dreadnought* herself. As each torpedo neared the mammoth vessel, the line of bubbles became distinctly visible. The Premiers watched the manœuvres with the keenest interest

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

GARRICK THEATRE

"The Duel"

The adapting of French plays for the English stage is a difficult task. However careful the operator, he rarely succeeds in preventing the escape of light, volatile gases during the process of adaptation. Some of the spirit of Henri Lavedan's play seems to be absent from the version at the Garrick Theatre. Unless this surmise be correct, one cannot account for a general air of nebulousness which hangs around the play, particularly towards the close of it.

The theme of the play is fine: two brothers, one a priest, the other a doctor and atheist, fighting for the soul of a woman. The issue between Father Daniel and Sir Paul Forester is set forth in a long but intelligible and engrossing first act. Later, when the brothers cross swords, the points of the duel are a little difficult to follow. The doctor accuses his brother of taking more than a Father Confessor's interest in his fair penitent, the Duchess of Severn; of being the man rather than the priest. This would have been an effective situation from the standpoint of drama had there been stronger grounds for the accusation. True, the priest, in an interview with Monsignor Boleyn (who, if I may so put it, acts the rôle of referee in this spiritual encounter), accuses himself of being attracted by the sensuous side of his religion. But we are given no indication that the Duchess has awakened his dormant love of the earthly and the beautiful.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Arthur Bourchier

As Father Daniel in *The Duel* at the Garrick Theatre

A Lesson in Moral Philosophy

Consequently, Sir Paul Forester's taunt falls to the ground. As the play progresses, it soars higher and higher into the regions of moral philosophy. It needs to be followed with the closest attention. We feel that the missing of a single sentence may throw us out of the narrow path of understanding we are striving to pursue into the mists which encompass us on either side. In the last act, the judgments of the Bishop, Monsignor Boleyn, upon the errors into which the priest and the Duchess have been led by their too delicate consciences are arrived at by a process of reasoning too subtle for the layman. We know, broadly, that the wise old Bishop exorcises the demon of unrest which is tormenting Father Daniel, and decides that the Duchess is called not to the seclusion of a convent, but to marriage with Sir Paul Forester, whom she has long loved. But the chain of reasoning which leads to these judgments is so closely welded as to appeal rather to a student of divinity than to the ordinary playgoer. Perhaps injustice is done to Mr. Bourchier, who prepared the version, by the suggestion that his adaptation fails to give forth the dialectical flavour of the original. If so, I crave pardon. But whatever be the matter with *The Duel*, as distinct from *Le Duel*, it deals, in England at any rate, with a subject which is better treated in book form. A book can be laid down while the reader pauses to get his ideas into order. For the playgoer, confronted with this difficult thesis, there is nothing for it but to grip the arms of his stall in a frenzy of attention and pray heaven his neighbour may not cough.

Concerning the Players

Miss Violet Vanbrugh gave an arresting portrait of the Duchess of Severn. She seemed to breathe, more freely than anyone in the cast, the religious atmosphere of the play. Her fervour has the true fervour of a religious woman. From her personality irradiated sweetness and sincerity. Mr. Sydney Valentine, with many a skilful touch, embellished a fine portrait of a Churchman. He was to the life the man of the world, the scholar, the gentle monitor created by the author. Mr. Cyril Keightly has done some good work in London in comparatively minor rôles. His playing of Sir Paul Forester stamps him as a young actor with a future. There is a finish and polish to his work not often seen in the work of the rising generation of players. He creates strong effects by quiet methods, giving one the pleasing impression that, however strong the

demands made upon him by the dramatist, he can easily fulfil them.

Mr. Bourchier was less happily suited than the members of his cast. There was a decided, almost business-like, note in his performance of Father Daniel, which struck me as quite at variance with the ideal and conception of the dramatist.

TERRY'S THEATRE

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

It has taken the powers that be just seven years to make up their minds to bring Mrs. Wiggs to England. No wonder. I know a man who knows a man to whom the English rights were offered. "Mrs. Wiggs in London? Not on your life!" he retorted. Now he is kicking himself round the block. Excuse this phraseology, but Mrs. Wiggs galvanises every picturesque and riotous Americanism which has been lying decently stored in the mind for years. It is difficult to illustrate the capacity of the play for being "local." Shall we say it is to an English audience as a coster play to the Chocktaws; as a play in *argot* at the "Grand Guignol" is to an audience of English girls at a Parisian "finishing-school"? If you watch the cast carefully, you will find them playing a little game with the audience. After firing off an idiom they will watch for the effect of their shot. "Never touched them," they say to themselves, and the ghost of a smile appears upon their lips. Or again, "My land, but that went," and the ghost of a look of surprise flits across their faces. The play will succeed in England, not in spite of, but because of its colloquialisms. These quaint figures of speech temper the sentimentalism with which the play is charged. Had the play been written in English, an English audience would have none of it. But the types are so utterly foreign as to be free to indulge at will their eccentricities and their sentimentalisms. The play is as refreshing as the sting of a breeze charged with the sea. The cry of a people for somebody new has been answered by Mrs. Wiggs, Mr. Stubbins, and Miss Hazy. Mrs. Madge Carr Cook is a great artist. Her touch is sure, her instinct unerring. She can draw tears and smiles from her audience with such consummate ease as to make the art of acting appear the most simple in the world. One requires for an actress an engaging personality, a sense of fun and of pathos, a kindly, expressive, and humorous mouth. *Viola tout!*

THE HICKS THEATRE

"Brewster's Millions"

The task of constructing a farce-comedy would be infinitely more simple if all authors were equipped with as humorous a central idea as that which has occurred to the author of *Brewster's Millions*. The world is wearied of the struggle to make money. So these merry gentlemen show us the reverse of the medal: the struggle to spend it. But an audience would soon become weary of seeing a young gentleman play ducks and drakes with a fortune. The comedy would peter out. So the ingenious authors have equipped their hero with a strong motive for his dissipation of wealth. Brewster spends a quarter of a million in order to gain two millions. This is sound finance. In order that his position be made still stronger, the spendthrift is given a sentimental reason for ridding himself of the first fortune. It is bequeathed to Brewster by a grandfather who had allowed his (Brewster's) mother to go in want. Brewster's uncle knew of this sordid story, and left his nephew the larger fortune on condition that within a year he should have squandered the money which, coming from the hateful old grandfather, was tainted in its very source.

Photo *Rimton-Bristow-Noble*

Two Well-known Shakespearean Actresses

Miss Nora Lancaster, a well-known member of the Benson Companies, seated in a Swift car, and her mother, Mrs. Reynolds (Miss Wallis)

A Hero With a Purpose

When he learns the story of the two wills, Brewster shuts his teeth and takes a savage joy in squandering the minor fortune. The apparent profligate takes rank with the men whose cause is just. This furnishing of motive is but one of many instances in which the authors have shown their cleverness in sustaining the interest of the play. The complications arising from the central idea are obvious, but they are presented with ingenuity and humour. We know that Brewster will meet with set-backs in his appointed task. None the less, we explode with merriment when the Lumber and Fuel shares which he has taken up suddenly soar above the market; when Polite, a rank outsider, comes in at 40 to 1; when Brewster comes away from Monte Carlo disconsolate, his pockets bulging with notes.

The comedy is played in the manner which American Companies have made familiar to us; rattled through without a pause for laughter or applause. Better a line lost now and again than valuable time wasted. For some reason, the fair

object of Brewster's affections was played by Miss Beatrice Agnew in a style diametrically opposed to that so happily adopted by her companions. Constantly she changed the *tempo* to *rallentando* without any gain to her own performance or the general action of the play. In Brewster, Mr. Gerald du Maurier has a rôle rather too easily within the range of his ability. The actor is called upon to exhibit but a modicum of his talents. Still, like the artist he is, Mr. du Maurier never gives the faintest suggestion that he is superior to his rôle. His comedy is of a delicate order. He gains his effects with little touches: a pause, the play of his features, and of his most expressive hands. Yet he is never dominated by the more rough-and-tumble methods of his companions.

WALDORF THEATRE

"Jeanne d'Arc"

If Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe had commenced their season in London with this notable production, they would have made a more promising *début* than they did. But the evil, being done, may prove, we all hope, a minor one. If subsequent Joan of Arc plays prove up to the standard of Mr. Percy Mackaye's, we gladly welcome the invasion of the militant Maid of Domremy. Mr. Mackaye has constructed his play simply and well. At no stage of it are we bewildered by the intricacies of the story. Moreover, the love interest is cleverly woven into the general scheme—a difficult piece of weaving, considering that the Maid is an historical character dissociated by her very temperament from earthly passions. This is the author's plan of getting round the difficulty.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier

As Monty Brewster in *Brewster's Millions* at the Hicks Theatre

(By Norman Morrow)

The Love Interest

The Duke d'Alençon falls in love with the warrior maid. But he scoffs at her "visions." Jeanne is asleep outside her tent. The Duke approaches. Reverently he would kiss her hand, when suddenly St. Michael, with a flaming sword, intercepts him. To the lover this is the "sign" needed to convince him of the divine mission of his adored one. He is instantly converted. Time passes. Temporal misfortune befalls Joan of Arc. She is sold to the English, and is about to be burned as a witch. The last hour of her life finds her in a terrible state of doubt. Her belief in the visions is shaken. She is assailed by the mental suggestion that the appearances of St. Michael and St. Catharine were merely the delusions of a half-witted brain. With Death at the door, she struggles in the throes of the Great Doubt. Then, to deliver her from this mental agony, comes the Duke d'Alençon, turned priest. He revives her drooping faith by telling her how St. Michael had proved her Guardian Angel. Once more the light of Faith bursts upon her, and the lovers go hand-in-hand to meet death at the stake.

The language of the author is well suited to the nobility of his theme. There is a strain of poetry in the writing. Time and again happy turns of phrase and graceful similes fall upon the ear. Moreover, no discordant note of modernity breaks harshly in to dissipate the atmosphere of mediævalism.

Concerning the Players

Miss Julia Marlowe's performance stamps her as an actress of the very first rank. In her most inspired or stirring moments, when rapt in ecstasies at the visions, or cheering her soldiers on to a fresh assault upon the English, this Joan of Arc was ever *au fond* the simple peasant maid of Domremy. The actress never lost for a moment her grip upon the many sides of the Maid's character. Her voice, resembling, in startling fashion, the voice of Mrs. Pat Campbell, Miss Marlowe uses with great skill and effect. She can make the theatre ring with it, and never shout. She can whisper, and never slur a syllable. Miss Marlowe has the gift sometimes abused and made the pretext for ceasing to study—the gift, which, thrown into one scale, will make the balance with good looks, good voice, and the mimetic power—the gift of personality.

Mr. Sothern played his subordinate rôle with much charm and restraint. Never once did he force the rôle into undue prominence by a too highly coloured rendering. He was the actor always—never the actor-manager. This is higher praise than it appears upon the surface. Indeed, we have rather gained the impression over here that in American companies the stars are first and the rest nowhere. This vicious distinction does not obtain in the Sothern-Marlowe organisation. The company is of all-round excellence, and the stage-management of the play most capable. I cannot refrain from protesting against the tone adopted by a certain critic, who commences his notice with the astounding statement that "*Mr. Percy Mackaye need not feel ashamed of having written 'Jeanne d'Arc.'*" The italics are mine, as is the retort, "Hoity-Toity!"

E. C. S.

"Jeanne D'Arc" AT THE "WALDORF"

DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

Photo *Topical Agency*

Early Morning Exercise in Paris: Riding in the Bois de Boulogne

Most of the best-known figures in French Society are to be seen riding in the Bois by ten o'clock in the morning, and Smart America, much as she dislikes this early hour, finds she must perforce also follow the fashion set

The American Invasion

Now Spring is here at last, there is only one thing to mar my pleasure, and that is nothing more nor less than an American invasion of Paris. In the Bois, in the Champs Elysées, at the theatres, at all the fashionable restaurants, Americans are to be seen, everywhere American is to be heard. Were it possible to ignore the members of this nation, matters would not be so serious. But with their dollars they always manage to assert themselves. Carpenters of yesterday, millionaires of to-day, what matters it to them if they are rapidly destroying the few remaining traditions in the Society life of a country with a past? And the unfortunate part of it is, that they have come to stay the season, and that their friends are following them. The *New York Herald* announces that five steamers, with every cabin taken, have started for Europe.

The Americans offer "shopping" as an excuse for their appearance in such numbers at this time of the year; and, judging from the rows of automobiles to be seen in the Rue de la Paix, and the amount of their purchases, one might even be inclined to believe them. But, really, their mission is more serious. American mothers have their eyes on the young French nobility. The fame of Count Karl de Beaumont's son and heir has crossed the Atlantic; but the catch of the season is lost, for, in less than a month, young de Beaumont was engaged and married to one of his own compatriots.

* * *

French Society Leaders

The Count de Nion, brilliant critic and novelist, feels very strongly about what he calls "this detestable American element in our Society." Royalist to the backbone, he clings zealously to the few remaining customs. Constantly sighing for the days when the laws of the Faubourg St. Germain were rigidly enforced, when the members of the best families were only to be seen in the most exclusive drawing-rooms, or in the Bois in the morning, there is nothing that annoys him more than to see ladies playing bridge in the tea-room at the Hotel Ritz. French Society leaders are riding in the Bois by ten o'clock in the morning, and Smart America, much as she dislikes it, must perforce follow their example. The Duchesse d'Uzès, in spite of her great age, hardly ever misses a morning's canter. She is a sculptress of great talent, possesses one of the oldest and most important names in France, and one of the longest purses. Comtesse Greffuhle, Comtesse de la Rouchfoucauld, Comtesse Jean de Castellane, Princesse de Faucigny (who has a lovely house in the Rue Marignon, in Paris), and the incomparable "Gyp" (Mme. de Martel), are amongst the ladies whose lead Smart America s rives to follow.

* * *

Visitors from England and the States

The Duchess of Marlborough is here without her husband; so is the Duchess of Manchester. Mrs. Potter-Palmer, Mrs. Andreis, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Armour, and Mr. and Mrs. Dana Gibson, too, are amongst the crowds of Americans who pass their afternoons in the Rue de la Paix, and their evenings at the Ritz or at Paillard's. It appears that the one thing the fashionable world has ceased to purchase is jewellery, and, consequently, many of the best-known diamond merchants find themselves at present in very low water—one of them, well known in both Continents, has just had a terrible bankruptcy. Motor-cars, however, are purchased by these "invaders" with as little reflection as the ordinary mortal would buy a hat. The other day, when I was talking to a lady, Baron Carlo d'Aliotti, the popular Chancellor of the Italian Embassy, passed in a handsome red car, with brass fittings. The car's appearance and fittings so took her fancy that this American lady there and then decided to possess one.

Mrs. George Keppel is here, and has been frequently dining at the British Embassy; for, during the last few weeks, Sir Francis Bertie has hardly

ceased to give official and private dinners. Lord and Lady Northcliffe are still staying at the Ritz.

* * *

The King's Movements

When King Edward visited Paris last week, he came not on pleasure, but on business; and, according to many of the French papers, he piloted his "lieutenant," Clemenceau, through the difficult straits in which he found himself.

The King, it appears, abandoned his Mediterranean cruise in order to help M. Clemenceau—only he took the precaution of asking the Premier and M. Bousquet, "King of the Anarchists," if it were safe for him to come to France in its present disturbed state. Both answered in the affirmative. What a marvellous diplomat must be the King, who knows how to get on the right side of even the Anarchists!

The Queen, who did not return to England with His Majesty, was greatly interested in the collection of Sicilian jewellery of Mr. Churchill, the Consul at Palermo, which a relation of his tells me is of very great value. By the way, this gentleman possesses the secret for which Maurice Hewlett would give a fortune—the whereabouts of Cœur de Lion's crown. The King is as diplomatic in private as in public life. According to Reuter, he was buying a beautiful coral frame, when the Queen entered the showroom unnoticed. At first he tried to hide it; but, when he found that was of no avail, he confessed it was to be a surprise present for her—a frame containing his portrait!

* * *

France's Japanese Guest

Prince Fushimi, who has been invited to every Embassy in Paris, to the Elysée, and to the houses of all the important political men, before his departure gave a big banquet at the Hotel Continental, where he was staying with his suite. He has been to Versailles and a few of the Museums, but that is all the sight-seeing that he has accomplished, the rest of his time having been spent shopping. Waistcoats and ties have particularly fascinated him, and he would have to live to considerably over a hundred to wear all that he has purchased in Paris.

He wishes to make the best of himself in England, for he naturally understands the high mission that has been entrusted to him. In the East, the greatest attention is shown to the constitution of an important Embassy like this, and in sending Prince Fushimi, accompanied by the highest dignitaries of the land, to return the visit paid by Prince Arthur of Connaught to the Mikado, the courtesy is unmistakable. Paris has been greatly interested in this Eastern Prince. Many, it must be confessed, in spite of the constant proofs we are always having of Japan's progress, expected to find in him an improved edition of Sisowath, and the first question I was asked after I had been to see him the other day at the Hotel Continental was, how many wives has he got with him? As a matter of fact, he has not *one*.

The Empress of Japan

Though little known in the Western world, her Majesty has exercised a tremendous influence in Japan's rapid rise to power. Besides being a woman of deep learning, she is a poetess of no mean order

Prince Fushimi of Japan

After staying in Paris, has now arrived in this country, to return the visit paid by Prince Arthur of Connaught to the Mikado

* * *

Prince Fushimi

Prince Fushimi has more than his Royal rank to commend him. General in the Japanese Army, member of the Supreme Council of War, and on several occasions direct representative of the Mikado, it will be remembered that, only eleven years ago, he took part in the coronation of the Tsar. To few foreigners has England offered such honours as are being prepared for this Oriental Prince. Earl Roberts and Admiral Seymour are to be attached to his suite, and he is to be attended by Sir Alex. Bannerman, one of the few officers who took part in the war in the Far East, and who has learnt to speak Japanese.

Although the Prince is not the son of the Mikado, as many suppose, he is very nearly related, belonging to one of the five noble families from which the Empress is chosen, also the wives of the Royal princes, and the heir, when the Emperor has no son. The Prince Imperial of Japan, too, is not a son of the Emperor. Prince Fushimi is exceedingly handsome for a Japanese, but he is not as young as many suppose him to be, having a son of twenty-two, Prince Hiroyasu, who was wounded in the war, fighting by the side of Togo. This Prince married the last heiress of the Tokugawa Shoguns. M. Nagasaki, Chancellor of the Empire, and head of the Prince's suite, is as polished a man as one could wish to meet. And his courtesy is far deeper than the low and repeated bows which accompanied his replies to all my questions; it consists of services, and a hundred and one little gallantries, such as it is useless to expect from the Western men of to-day.

Japan's Rulers

M. Nagasaki seemed disposed to enliven me with all kinds of interesting details about Court life in Japan, and explained what it meant to that country to have overcome the great Tokugawa influence, a feat which was only accomplished after thirty-five years' struggle, and which, greater than the defeat of Russia, is without parallel in the history of the world. With the marriage of the Prince Imperial, this hateful *régime* has disappeared for ever. The Mikado never leaves Japan. It is extremely difficult for any native to have an audience with him, although he is always pleased to welcome distinguished foreigners; one of the attachés of the Embassy tells me he has not even seen him. The Empress Haru-Ko, to whom Loti has given the charming epithet, "*Imperatrice Printemps*," is little known in the Western world. Born at Kyoto in 1856, she belonged to the celebrated Ichijo family, one of the five houses from which the ruler's wives were always chosen. Of extraordinary beauty—at least so I am told—she is the first Oriental Sovereign who has had any voice in the government of a country; the first of all the Oriental consorts whose influence and intelligence is considered of any value. That Japan can take her place with the other Western nations is now a recognised fact, but it is not generally known that the Mikado could not have accomplished what he has for his country had he not been seconded by a powerful feminine intellect.

* * *

The Activities of the Empress Haru-Ko

It was Haru-Ko who first suggested to the Emperor what is unknown in Oriental history, "the equality of men and women." With her own money, she sends every year five of the most talented women of the land to study in an American university, and these ladies are officially known as the Empress's *protégées*. According to her wishes, primary and secondary schools have been established in all the principal towns. A college has been founded which does not exist in any other country, and in which the Empress takes the keenest interest, namely, a school for noblemen's daughters. To become a lady-in-waiting, or take any part in Court life, it is necessary to have been a pupil at this school, and the curriculum comprises all the arts, from painting and poetry to needle and household work. Court etiquette in Japan is quite a science apart. It must be commenced between the ages of ten and eleven, being long and complicated.

* * *

An Imperial Poetess

Haru-Ko is not only a woman of great intelligence and erudition, but a poetess of talent; she will certainly take her place in the literary history of her country. Every Japanese child knows her poetry by heart, and on all the important events of the reign she has written verses. Once, when the Imperial Palace had been destroyed by fire, the Sovereigns accepted the hospitality of a Daïmio, who gave them his own palace whilst their own was being reconstructed. The Royal party and suite were far from comfortable. But when the Empress heard that the people were pitying her, she replied by a charming poem, the gist of which is this: "The luxury of life is of little consequence to me, for one dwelling only I crave—the hearts of the people." And her desire has been realised.

The Imperial Visit to Prague: The Emperor of Austria leaving the station with the Governor of the City

This is the first time that an Emperor of Austria has paid a visit to the capital of Bohemia, and the fact revives the hope of the Czech nationalists, who wish to see the Emperor Francis Joseph crowned King of Bohemia in Prague, in the same manner as he was crowned King of Hungary in Buda-Pesth. Bohemia is, of course, an integral part of the Austrian Empire, but its nationality, unlike that of Hungary, is not specifically recognised

The Royal Academy

A Few of the Notable Pictures of the Year

"PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA." By H. A. PEGRAM

Sculpture, in England, seems to be regarded as a negligible quality in art. The Committee of Selection at the Royal Academy is composed entirely of painters. Sculpture and bronzes, therefore, receive scant, and generally ignorant, consideration. Witness the rejection of "Lycidas"—a triumph of modern sculpture—two years ago, and of the bust of Queen Victoria Eugénie this year. It is, therefore, a relief to be able to call attention to the inclusion of the above striking example

The Art of Allegory and Romance

"GOLDEN YOUTH." By T. C. GOTCH

"TRISTRAM AND ISEULT." By E. BLAIR LEIGHTON

Exponents of the romantic and allegorical schools of painting, to which Watts, Rossetti, Holman Hunt Millais, and others belonged, are to-day very few and far between. The more lucrative profession of portrait painting has practically superseded the romantic school. However, there are a few examples of this attractive cult in this year's Academy, and the above two are of interest. Whether Mr. Blair Leighton's treatment of the Arthurian legend will exactly appeal to the average taste is a matter of doubt

The Nude: Three of This Year's Examples

"ROSES OF YOUTH." By HENRIETTA RAE (MRS. NORMAND)

"A NYMPH OF THE STREAM." By SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

"THE POOL." By H. S. TUKE, A.R.A.

The nude in England is unpopular. Its realistic conception on canvas rarely avoids a suggestion of impropriety. Only the chocolate-box or wax-doll variety—a nice derangement of idyllic arms and legs inhumanly attached to a pretty and conveniently boneless body—is acceptable. The British artist—most conventional of beings—follows fashion as carefully as any *mondaine*, only with him it is a question of brushwork, colour, and subject, not of hats or sleeves. Hence, and also because of its difficulties, the absence of the nude in British art. In France *the* pictures of this year's *Salon* are nude subjects. Mr. H. S. Tuke's predilection for the ablutionary in Art is again charmingly manifested

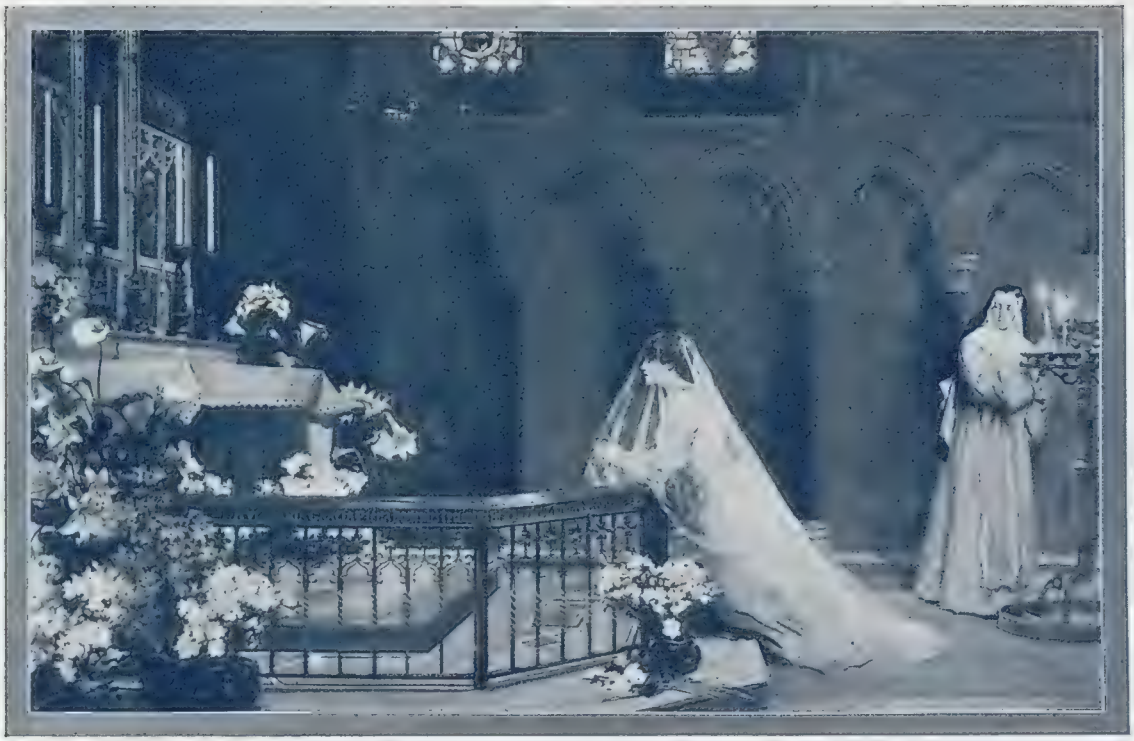
Landscape: Its Return to British Favour

"A WELSH RIVER." By B. W. LEADER, R.A.

"OLD DURHAM." By ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.

Since the recrudescence of Turnerism, landscape painting—a form of art particularly suited to the British constitution—has returned to favour, artistic if not public. At Burlington House, that crowd "which foremost shall be damned to fame" hurries past the landscapes, trying not to look so bored as it feels. To a few, however, green landscape after many portraits "doth greatly please"

Two Subject Pictures



"LE MOIS DE MARIE." By A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER

"THE ROUNDELAY." By SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

The subject picture, like the nude, is out of fashion. An appeal to the senses is a lapse from the present purpose of art, that purpose being to paint baldly, and without any dressing of romance, sentiment, or imaginary beauty, the object as it appears to the unimaginative eye. Added, and therefore meretricious, attractions are no longer *de rigueur*. Hence, perhaps, the uniform absence of interest in modern pictures

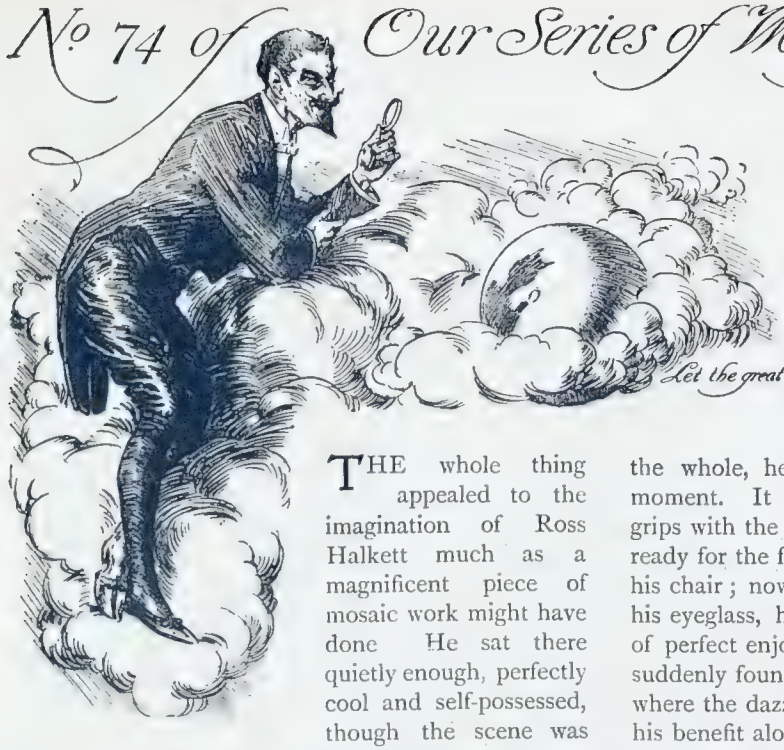
Sea-scape: Where British Art Excels

"SIGNALLING FROM THE 'VICTORY.'" By W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.

"CAUGHT OUT." By C. N. HEMY, A.R.A.

Sea painting is a form of art in which British artists—as befits islanders—quite often excel. This year's collection of sea pictures proves no exception to the rule. Altogether, it is not an uninteresting Academy. Decidedly, taken as a whole, it is an improvement on past years. Signs of grace are not lacking, but they are overshadowed, swallowed up by the ever-recurring prevalence of the commissioned, and, to the public, totally uninteresting, portraits How long, O, British public, how long?

No. 74 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



The Coffee Stage

By

FRED M. WHITE

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THE whole thing appealed to the imagination of Ross Halkett much as a magnificent piece of mosaic work might have done He sat there quietly enough, perfectly cool and self-possessed, though the scene was an entirely novel one to him. He had sat at rich men's feasts before now. He knew the subdued glitter and cheap artistry of New York and London's leading hotels, but all that was on a different plane from this. Seeing that it was the first time he had dined with the Duke, something might have been left to the imagination of even a man of the world like himself.

There was a certain glow of satisfaction, too, in the knowledge of his company. Most of the guests round the table were familiar to him by sight—here was a great soldier, there a distinguished diplomat, and further down the table a statesman who had made history. The lights shone with a reverent dimness upon the brilliant toilettes of the women. Halkett's slanting eyes caught the flash of diamond and opal and sapphire. With the curiosity of his race, he would have liked to ask if the Duke of Fancourt always dined in this fashion, but Prudence laid her fingers on his lips and held his tongue.

Oh, yes, he was perfectly self-possessed, he told himself, and quite as much at home as if he had been doing this kind of thing every day of his life. But, all the same, he wished he could get away from the feeling of vastness, which, to a certain extent, stirred up a feeling of reverence. It was vast, too—so vast that the high, fretted ceiling was lost in the brown Rembrandt shadows. It was only here and there that some objects stood out sharp, refined, and decisive. He could catch the glimmer of gold picture-frames, the silver flash of trophies on the wall, and here and there the protruding prong of stags' horns.

It was a good thing to be there, he told himself. As a matter of fact, considering that he was little better than a penniless adventurer, Ross Halkett had a good deal of the poet about him. His ambitious dreams would not be spread out upon so large a canvas had he not been gifted with a vivid imagination, and there was plenty of play for it now. On the whole, he decided to let things slide for the moment. It would be an easy matter to come to grips with the Duke when the latter showed himself ready for the fray. Therefore, Halkett leant back in his chair; now, surveying the brilliant scene through his eyeglass, he sipped his champagne with a sense of perfect enjoyment. It was very much as if he had suddenly found his way in some enchanted theatre, where the dazzling programme was being enacted for his benefit alone. After all's said and done, there are more theatres than those licensed by various district councils; and here, assuredly, was one of the best of them.

And, strange to say, Halkett had not come down here to Fancourt Royal in the shape of a welcome guest. To a certain extent, he was self-invited. All the same, his welcome was none the less pleasing and gratifying. He could feel the pressure of the Duchess's slender fingers on his own still; he could see the light of welcome in her grey eyes. He watched her now as she sat chatting with her neighbours, and just for a moment the suggestion of a grim smile crossed his face. He wondered if she remembered.

But, surely, she could not have forgotten. No one could ever put aside the remembrance of those stirring times, especially as it had all happened within the space of the last few years. And yet her prettily chosen words of welcome had been conventional enough, and no illumination had lighted up her face as she stood in the great hall ready to meet him.

Well, it didn't in the least matter. The fight was coming presently, and in the long run the battle must go to the strong. It may not be to-night, it might not even be this week, but the time would come when the Duke would have to listen, ay, and have to bow, too, though he were the proud possessor of a rent-roll of half a million, to say nothing of a score of houses besides. The god of circumstance had thrown this fat jewel into the lap of Ross Halkett, and he was not the man to let the prize slip through his fingers.

Therefore, he sat there enjoying himself with the full satisfaction of a perfect meal tempered by perfect wines, waiting for his time to come and studying those around him. He was a poor man, it is true, but he did not make the mistake of underrating his own amazing abilities. He was going to take the chance of a lifetime. The pear was ripe for the harvest.

Presently, the brilliant kaleidoscope underwent a subtle

(All rights strictly reserved)

change. There was a glimmer of jewels, a rhythmic swaying of silken embroideries, with a faint suggestion of perfume on the air, and the ladies filed slowly out. There was the closing up of gaps round the table, a sudden invasion of crimson-coated footmen bearing fresh wines on salvers. They came in noiselessly, each to his appointed place, as if they were engaged in some solemn ceremony. A cork lay on the floor, in the light of the fireplace, and, with a superb gesture, the head-footman pointed it out to one of his subordinates. It seemed all part of the same ceremonial, so that Halkett smiled in spite of himself. There was another fireplace in the far end of the dining-room, round which a group of men had gathered to discuss sport and such shooting as the morrow afforded. Halkett pulled his chair a little nearer the fire at the lower end of the room. The fitful blaze touched the side of his face, and threw his strong features into sinister relief. He took a cigar mechanically from the silver box which one of the footmen was handing round; he held the spirit-lamp to the flaming tobacco and inhaled it luxuriously. When he looked up again, he saw his host standing there with his back to the fire.

"Are you not drinking any wine?" the Duke asked.

"I rarely do," Halkett replied. "And then only with my meals. You have a beautiful place here. One is disposed to envy you."

"I dare say," Fancourt said, carelessly. "After all's said and done, when one has knocked about the world like I have, there is no place like home."

"Provided always," Halkett smiled, "that the home is complete. And I am sure in your case that the gold is refined and the lily painted. You know what I mean."

The words were quietly enough spoken, though there was a certain challenge in them which caused Fancourt to turn his dark eyes upon the speaker for a moment. He saw the man, long and brown and lean; a man with a grey eye and a square, determined jaw; a man with long, lean hands, with the muscles standing up like whipcord on the back of them. On the other hand, Ross Halkett was looking at the other man, who stood on the short side, with thick curly black hair, and a nose somewhat suggestive of the beak of a vulture. There was class about the Duke of Fancourt. He would never have been mistaken for anything in the common way, but as his keen, black eyes burnt on Halkett's face, the American thought that the veneer of civilisation was perilously near to the surface.

"I think we had better understand one another," Fancourt said, after a long pause. "Those men talking sport over there need not worry us. We can discuss business just as freely as if they were not in the room. I understand you have a certain proposal to make to me in regard to certain mining properties in Colorado in which I, or rather my wife, has an interest. It is some time since I was out in that part of the world, and, of course, after the lapse of time one forgets places and faces. At the same time, your face is familiar enough to me. Have we met before?"

Halkett flicked the end of his cigar into the fireplace.

"It isn't for me to say so, your grace," he murmured. "Still, if you think that we are not altogether strangers——"

The speaker paused and shrugged his shoulders. Once more the note of challenge came into his voice. There was an answering gleam in the Duke's eyes, but no words came from him. One of the gorgeous footmen came forward and placed logs of wood upon the fire as if he had been performing some religious rite. It was all very fine and impressive, and just for the moment Halkett had to struggle for his self-possession. The magnificence of Fancourt Royal must not overpower him, he told himself. It seemed to him that he had the game in his own hands now.

"Then let us say, for the sake of argument, that we haven't met before," Fancourt went on. "Let us assume that you come to me as a perfect stranger, and that I am disposed to listen to your suggestion. Of course, it means a fortune to you."

"To both of us," Halkett corrected.

"Very well, to both of us, if you like. In the course of your travels did you ever come across a place called the Four Sentinels? Now take your time, don't answer in a hurry. The spot I mean is in Colorado, and is marked by four white rocks which stand out at the entrance of Big Creek Gully. I am particularly anxious to know if you have ever been at the spot in question."

Halkett took several puffs at his cigar before he replied.

"I remember the place now," he said.

"That is very good of you," the Duke said dryly. "I have every occasion to remember the spot, because there it was that the man whose story I am telling you drifted out to five years ago. He was a man fairly well known in Society at that time, one of those unfortunate individuals who are cursed with great expectations which are never destined to be realised. He was brought up as the heir of a nobleman. There seemed to be nothing between him and vast wealth. Unhappily for him, he was not quite so steady as he might be, and he was foolish enough to quarrel with his noble kinsman, who took a characteristic revenge. The owner of the title and property got married, and, what is more, in the course of two years he was the father of twins. I need not dwell upon the point. By this cruel stroke of fortune the derelict in the story found himself hopelessly in debt and difficulty, and finally landed on the other side of the Atlantic with the last few hundred pounds he could scrape together. With this money in his possession he went up country and speedily fell into bad hands. You know from your own experience how quickly men drift when they once start to go down hill. You can easily imagine what a sodden, battered wreck that man became at the end of two years. The thing hardly bears thinking about. You can picture him in your mind's eye—the butt and ridicule of the village. You can see him creeping from one saloon bar to another whining for the drink which was at once his curse and his salvation. You can imagine the time when he was found dead in some ditch, and thrown into a dishonoured grave, there to be forgotten. I hope I don't bore you, Mr. Halkett?"

"On the contrary," Halkett replied, "I am deeply interested. I rather gather from the tone of your

(Continued on page 300)

A Ghostly Reality

Mr. Maskelyne's "Real" Ghost, which he produces nightly at the St. George's Hall

This lady's performance was the subject, last week, of an amusing action between Archdeacon Colley and Mr. Maskelyne. The Archdeacon was awarded £75 damages for libellous statements, while Mr. Maskelyne, who counterclaimed for £1,000, for fulfilling a "spiritualist vision"—the outcome of a wager between the Archdeacon and himself—was declared not to have completed the visionary effects sufficiently

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

(Continued from page 298)

narrative that your friend was not destined to perish as you suggest."

"That is so," Fancourt said gravely. "At the eleventh hour, so to speak, he was saved. Come, I have no doubt that a man of your perspicuity can guess how?"

Halkett blew a wreath of smoke towards the ceiling and smiled cynically. He seemed to be amused.

"If the story proceeds on conventional lines, of course I can," he said. "I take it that you mean that hereabouts the woman intervenes. Correct me if I am wrong."

"Quite right," the Duke went on gravely. "It is at this point that the woman intervenes You look like a man with an imagination. Nobody who was born to be a great capitalist could possibly get on without one. Now I wonder if you can guess what the woman is like? Once more I venture to hope that I do not bore you?"

Halkett's lips tightened. He tossed the end of his cigar into the fire. The game was being played in earnest now, and he knew it. And he was beginning to be conscious, too, that he had in Fancourt a foe who was worthy of his steel. Well, if the Duke liked to throw the gauntlet down, it would be picked up promptly.

"Tall," he murmured, with half closed eyes. "Tall and fair, with a wonderful mesh of golden hair and steadfast, fearless grey eyes. Of course, your grace understands I am only guessing."

"You really are a most delightful antagonist," the Duke smiled. "Let me tell you that you have guessed it exactly. I will not bore you with a long and elaborate account of my friend's illness. I will not go into a wild diatribe over the beauty of the woman who took that derelict into her own house and nursed him as long and patiently as if he had been a brother. The time came when he was well and strong enough to register a vow that he would walk upright and live cleanly in future, and from that resolution he has never since departed. And now I am coming to the really interesting part of my story. In the days I am speaking of, the girl had a father who was, perhaps, one of the cleverest of the old type of miner then living in Colorado. In the course of time these two men went into partnership, and a little later on they struck one of the richest silver mines in the West. Unfortunately for the partners, three other men came on the ground much at the same time, and a bitter quarrel broke out, which resulted in the death of the old man, who was shot under his daughter's very eyes. It was all very well for a packed jury to bring in a verdict of manslaughter, but the thing was murder surely enough, and everybody knew it. And, out of the three men who were, more or less, responsible for this crime, there was only one of them who could locate the exact spot of that silver mine. Two days later, that man was found dead, with a bullet through his brain, and every creek in the village for miles around knew that the daughter had avenged her father in her own way. Mind you, I don't mind admitting that this was murder——"

"It was," Halkett said, eagerly. "I—I remember the circumstances now. The girl fled down South, and, as far as I know, she was never heard of again."

"You have never seen her since?" Fancourt asked.

"I am not quite sure," Halkett said, cautiously.

"Oh, yes, you are. You know perfectly well where you can put your hand upon her at the present moment. You didn't know a couple of hours ago, but you do now. Now come, unless you play the game properly it is impossible for me to proceed."

Halkett hesitated a moment before he replied. In some strange way he felt the ground slipping from under his feet now. He felt that all the castles he had been building during the last hour or two were dissolved into so much thin air. There was a peculiar metallic gleam in Fancourt's black eyes, his mouth was drawn tight till it looked like a mere scarlet thread.

"You have seen the lady in question?" he persisted.

"I admit it," Halkett replied.

"I am much obliged for your candour," Fancourt went on. "Now I can proceed with my story. There were but three people now left to carry on the feud. The girl in question had disappeared, her father was dead, and so was the old ruffian who had been the cause of all the mischief. Of the three survivors, it was impossible that more than two should live. One of them disappeared mysteriously, and many months afterwards his body was found at the foot of a deep precipice lying in the snow. I don't think there is any occasion for me to tell you who got rid of him. His end was accomplished by the man who had been brought back to health and strength again by the magic power of a woman's eyes. I think I ought to say a woman's grey eyes, Mr. Halkett. Do you understand me? Perhaps you can tell me the name of the man who was found in the snow?"

"I might recollect it," Halkett said sulkily, "but do you think that it is really worth while?"

"Perhaps not. At any rate, it was only man to man now, and for the best part of two years those two were hunting one another across the white Continent of America. It mattered little that they were hardly acquainted with one another, even by sight. It mattered little what weapons they used, for the blood feud still went on, and more than once these men were nearly face to face, more than once they fought the long-range duel with rifles. Goodness knows how long this would have gone on, how much time might have elapsed before one or the other lost his reason, but it so fell out at the end of two years that a body was found in a creek which was identified as that of one of the two sworn foes. It was all a mistake, but it served its purpose, and thus it seemed to the one man who had come back from the dead that he was alone in the world now and could do as he liked. To make the story complete, it was his bounden duty to go South and marry the girl to whom he owed so much."

"And he did it?" Halkett asked.

"Most assuredly he did. And it was the best day's work he ever did in his life. But, my dear sir, the story by no means ends here. You can imagine the young people leading a healthy, happy life until chance threw in the man's way an old newspaper, a paragraph of which affected him deeply. It matters

(Continued on page 302)

The Jubilee of the Mutiny (1857—1907)

"THE BYSTANDER" IN DELHI—FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE SEPOY REBELLION

The reader of THE BYSTANDER is a native of Delhi, and is standing in the open square outside the Jama Masjid, the largest mosque in India

The reader of THE BYSTANDER is standing on the steps of the Memorial put up in memory of John Nicholson, that brave soldier who was killed at the Siege of Delhi, just fifty years ago (1857)

The "King of Delhi"

Arch-mutineer, who was captured by Hodson, and subsequently imprisoned in Rangoon. (Photographed (from a portrait) by Major-Gen. G. ROBLEY)

This man, reading THE BYSTANDER, is seated beside one of the beautifully sculptured Hindu pillars in the Kutal Mosque, eleven miles from Delhi

Two native women of Delhi looking at the pictures in THE BYSTANDER. They are standing outside the walls of the city of Delhi, where the mutiny broke out just fifty years ago (1857)

As the Jubilee of the Indian Mutiny is now being celebrated, the above photographs of Delhi, taken recently, will be of unique interest. On May 10, 1857, fifty years ago next Friday, the Sepoy Mutiny broke out at Meerut. It was soon checked, but the fugitives fled to Delhi on the following day and, combined with other troops, seized the city, and proclaimed as King the individual shown in the centre picture. The capture of Delhi, on the following 20th September (saddened by the death of General Nicholson), was the beginning of the end of the Mutiny

(Photographs of "The Bystander in Delhi" sent by Mr. A. J. Weighall, R.R.C.)

(*Continued from page 300*)

very little how it happened—a railway accident, a yacht catastrophe, a sudden attack of malignant fever—but, anyway, those twin boys were dead, and a firm of lawyers were anxiously advertising for the Duke of—what?"

Halkett rose slowly to his feet and stretched himself slightly. He was beaten now, and he was sportsman enough to know it.

"Why, the Duke of Fancourt, of course," he said. "You have been telling me your own life's history. I am obliged to you for the compliment you have paid me in giving me credit for so much illuminated intelligence, but I don't quite understand why you have chosen to put it in this way."

"Oh, I think a little reflection will show you that," the Duke went on, quietly. "You thought I was dead, and I thought the same so far as you are concerned. You come to England purely in the spirit of adventure. You are still in search of fortune, and when chance throws the Duke of Fancourt in your way, you recognise your old antagonist, or, at any rate, you find out I am he; then it occurs to you that your opportunity is at hand. But, really, my dear fellow, you can't do it. It would be utterly impossible. Just take my position into consideration. Think of my wife, who, in this short time, has become one of the most popular Society leaders in the country. Why, my good man, there are a dozen excellent judges of such matters who would back me to be Premier if I took to politics seriously. And do you seriously suppose that anyone would listen to you if you published a charge of murder against the lady whom I have the honour to call my wife? Why, you would be laughed at in London. My dear Halkett, I am not in the least afraid of you, nor is my wife, though I can assure you we have talked the matter over together. If you are determined, of course, that there shall be war between us, why, then, you must take the consequences. If anything happened to you either in this house or elsewhere, people would never identify me with the sad catastrophe. But I tell you what I am prepared to do. I am prepared to make an agreement with you to share the produce of those mines so long as you undertake the work and I have no responsibility. But, of course—ah, it is all very well for you to talk like that, my dear Lord Beresford; as a matter of fact, I have been listening to all you have said, and, of course, your logic is unanswerable."

The Duke had turned gaily away, as if his conversation with Halkett had been no more than a pleasant interlude. He rose and touched the latter on the arm; his smile was easy and pleasant.

"And now come along with me as far as the billiard-room," he said. "If you prefer bridge, there are half a dozen tables going in the library. All I ask you to do, my dear fellow, is to make yourself absolutely and entirely at home."

Halkett followed without another word. He passed through the great dim hall, along the corridors where the scarlet coated footmen were standing; he had visions of noble architecture, of stained-glass windows, of forests of ferns, of flowers in the conservatories beyond. He had won a victory in a way, but he felt small and humiliated all the same.

"Quite right," he murmured to himself. "No man is strong enough to get beyond his environment, and Ross Halkett, evidently, is no exception to the rule."

FRED M. WHITE.

OUR LADY OF THE——SUNSHINE!

Photo] **Spring in Canada: Fair Canadian cousins and an interrupted picnic** [*Ralfstones, Ltd.*

Canada has always chafed at Mr. Kipling's description of her as "Our Lady of the Snows." The above picture depicts some of our Canadian cousins enjoying themselves after the winter snows have disappeared. Strangely enough, too, they do not appear to be free from their English sisters' prejudice to the harmless, necessary cow

RACING NOTIONS

"THE JUBILEE."

By "CARBINE."

How the Two Thousand Was Won

Opinions differ as to the way in which Sieve Gallion won the Two Thousand Guineas. Certainly it was no runaway affair, and there was a moment when we thought that Bezonian was going to make a close fight of it; but the favourite soon drew away when called upon by his jockey, and there was as much as three lengths between the first and second at the finish, Maher, on Lord Rosebery's colt, ceasing to persevere in the last few strides, when all hope of catching the winner had gone. What pleased me most in the race was the game and gallant way in which Slieve Gallion fought on when the real pressure came. There had been just a suspicion that he was not the best-hearted of horses, but that impression was entirely removed by his stout running in the Two Thousand. It seems impossible to believe that any of the horses he beat last Wednesday will ever reverse the result at even weights; and if Slieve Gallion is now a strong favourite for the Derby, who can wonder?

Photo] **The Finish of the Thousand Guineas at Newmarket** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The race was won on Friday last by Mr. Hall Walker's Witch-Elm (seen in front on the left), Lord Falmouth's Frugality being second

Will Slieve Gallion Win the Derby?

But the Derby isn't over yet. Indeed, I think Slieve Gallion's successes make it more interesting than ever. One reason is, that he has to meet Galvani, who beat him last year. Why shouldn't Galvani beat him again? It will be answered that Slieve Gallion was not himself when defeated, and I may add, in parenthesis, that that is my opinion, too. But we *may* be wrong; Galvani may still be the better of the two. Form more often than not works out correctly, and that, primarily, is why no reasonable person can suppose that Slieve Gallion is going to have it all his own way at Epsom. But he is now in the best of form, and most of us will be ready to stake our money on his capacity to wipe out the stigma of his one and only defeat. It is to be hoped that Major Loder will give Galvani a gallop on Whit Monday at Hurst Park, so that we may get some idea of the form *he* is in. I still incline to the opinion that Orby is the best of the Derby outsiders.

Witch Elm's One Thousand

Slieve Gallion's price on Wednesday rendered his success of little profit to his supporters, and I was rather disappointed in Witch Elm's price, for I expected she would start at better odds than "fours" when selecting her for the One Thousand in these pages last week. But "fours" cannot be complained of in regard to a real good thing, such as Witch Elm proved herself to be. She won more easily than Slieve Gallion had done two days previously, though the margin of three lengths was the same. Orwell is decidedly off colour just now, and nothing in the race stood a chance with Mr. Hall Walker's filly, who looks like having another easy task in the Oaks.

The Chester Cup

At Chester, to-day, the Cup will be more than usually interesting for the presence of Querido. The French horse's chief claim to fame lies in his unlooked-for defeat of Maintenon a few weeks ago. Otherwise, his form is moderate, but he stays well, and no doubt will be dangerous. Turbine, whose chance is first-rate on the Epsom running, is, unfortunately, classed as a "doubtful starter" at the moment of writing. Bridge of Canny is a great favourite of mine, and I think he will get a place; but his great weight in this long journey may just prevent him from winning. Feather Bed, who was the winner of last year's race, may again run well, but, in the presumed absence of Turbine, my selection is **Torpoint.**

The Jubilee at Kempton Park

At present, the question as to the probable starters for this popular race engages almost as much attention as the task of finding the winner. First, owners chiefly concerned say they won't start, then they say they will, and between now and Saturday they may change their minds. Others say nothing at all, and leave us just as much in doubt. It seems certain, at least, that we shall see Polar Star, and I cannot go against this brilliant three-year-old, though the price is so horribly short that backers are sure to look about for something to beat him. This is rather suicidal when we have a supposed good thing, and Polar Star certainly does seem good. We know what he did as a two-year-old; we know that he has been tried very highly with Rifleite and Witch Elm just lately. Botha, Velocity, and Polymelus have to give him more than "weight-for-age." **Polar Star** will win if he is anything like so good as I believe him to be, and best of the others I like Velocity. At Chester on Thursday, **Woolwinder** should win the Dee Stakes; and for the Stewards' Handicap at Kempton on Friday, **Camp Fire II.** is my selection.

Games and Pastimes

POLO NOTES

Our Polo Visitors

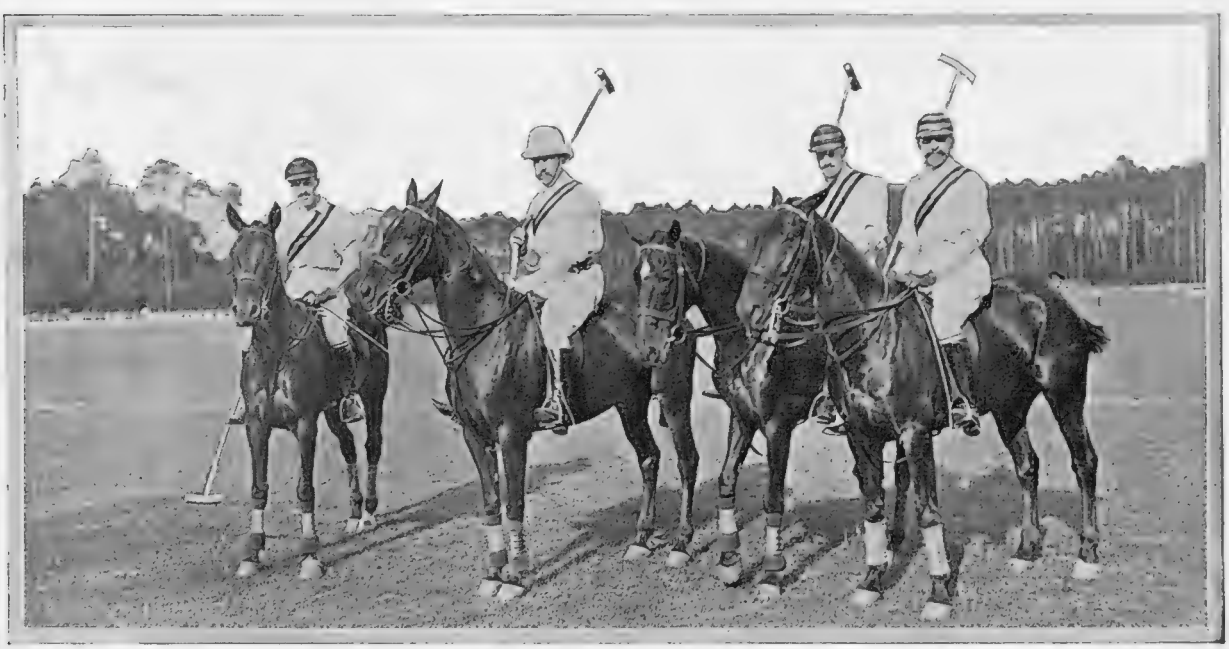
A feature of this polo season will be the presence among us of several well-known players from abroad, including the Spanish Marquis de Villavieja, who for the past fifteen years has been one of the moving spirits of polo on the Continent. Then that powerful Rajput potentate, the Maharajah of Bikanir, is bringing his State polo team of natives from India. Several American players are also expected, notably Mr. Foxhall Keene, who captained the American International team in 1902. We shall also have some visitors from the Argentine, namely, Messrs. F. Kinchant, J. Traill, and B. Kerr, who are going to play in Mr. Drybrough's team of Red Rovers, and that well-known Argentine back, Mr. H. Scott-Robson, will also probably be here this season. Mr. J. Strang, the No. 2 of the New Zealand International team that won the Championship of Australasia a few years ago, is also home, and has already started play.

A Well-Known Spanish Polo Player: The Duke of Alba

He is one of the Madrid Polo Team, which, captained by the Marquis de Villavieja, is shortly visiting this country

The Madrid Team

Very well mounted, the team from Madrid will be captained by the Marquis de Villavieja, who is well known over here, and has played back in the winning team of the Continental Championship at Ostend each year since the tournament was instituted in 1904. To complete his team, the Marquis will have five players to draw upon, viz., his brother, Senhor Don E. de Escandon, the Dukes of Santona, Penaranda, and Alba, and Senhor Don F. de Yturbe. The Marquis is now in Madrid, completing all arrangements for the trip, which will last for about five weeks, the team being due to arrive at the end of this month. While he can claim to have been the first foreigner to bring a polo team to this country —for he captained a Spanish team that played in London in 1895— the Marquis de Villavieja is one of the few persons who have been privileged to read their own obituary notices, for an accident that he sustained while playing polo at Ostend in 1904 was magnified by



Our Polo Visitors from Spain: The Marquis de Villavieja's team

(*Reading left to right*): The Duke of Alba, the Marquis de Villavieja, the Duke of Penaranda, and Senhor Don E. de Escandon

A feature of this year's polo season will be the presence of several well-known players from abroad. Besides the Spanish team, the Maharajah of Bikanir is bringing his native Indian team, while Mr. Foxhall Keene, the American player, Mr. J. Strang, from New Zealand, and several players from the Argentine, will also be in this country

Pampas Grass as a Lawn Decoration

One of the finest plants for the lawn is the pampas grass, handsome at all seasons, but especially so when it sends up its tall, white, feathery plumes

some imaginative Belgian correspondent into his death, and the false report reached London, *viâ* Paris, with the result that "Marquis Killed at Polo" appeared on some of the bills.

A Possible International Tournament

Not since the Coronation have so many well-known players from abroad been in London, and, therefore, the suggestion which has been made that an International Tournament should be held for a special Cup might well be considered. Besides the sides that have been mentioned above, there is the Anglo-Spanish Tiverton team of the four brothers de Las Casas; and the Comte de Madre would, doubtless, be able to raise a French team. The addition of teams representing England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, each limited to one Recent Form List player, would add to the interest of what ought to be a very sporting affair, and would make the 1907 polo season a memorable one. An impromptu tournament on these lines was held at Ranelagh in Coronation year, and the Marquis de Villavieja's team was only just beaten by the Ranelagh team in the final. L. V. L. S.

GARDEN NOTES

Pampas Grass on the Lawn

One of the finest plants for the lawn is the pampas grass, handsome at all seasons, but especially when it sends up its tall, white, feathery plumes. It luxuriates in a damp position, where its roots can reach water, and is at its best on the bank of a stream or pond. In drier soil it should be watered heavily during the summer, and now that it is growing strongly a dressing of manure should be placed around the roots. For this reason it should not be planted directly in the grass, but in a bed cut out of the lawn. As the pampas grass grows, the long curving leaves reach the ground, so the bare earth is practically invisible. If there is any objection to ordinary manure—and in some cases it might be objectionable—artificial fertilisers may be used instead, though for this purpose they are hardly so good, for, unlike it, they have no mechanical effect on the soil; they are merely plant-food, and do not assist in the retention of moisture.

The Torch Lilies

To associate with pampas grass, there are no better plants than the Kinphofias, formerly called Tritomas, and commonly known as torch lilies or red-hot pokers. They are somewhat similar to it in foliage, and a large group of them, bearing their tall yellow, orange, and scarlet spikes, is a magnificent sight in autumn. Indeed, by making a good selection from the many new varieties which have been introduced, flowers may be obtained during many months in the year. Præcox, not unlike the common K. aloides, but smaller, flowers in May; Foliosa and Tuckii in June; R. C. Affouotit begins early in summer and keeps on till autumn; and there are many others equally valuable for succession. Then there is quite as much variation in the colours of the flowers. In Lemon Queen, they are pale yellow; in Chloris, apricot; in Grandiflora, orange; in John Waterer, coral red; in Atropos, dark red; and so on. Again, the different varieties differ very much in height, and this makes it all the easier to group them effectively. Some, such as Leitchtlini, are barely two feet high, while others, like the Star of Baden-Baden, are as much as six feet. Kinphofias do not need so much moisture as pampas grass, and they make more

rapid growth in rather lighter soil. It is not yet too late to plant them. In the northern counties they are not quite hardy, and some species and varieties are more tender than others, but a heap of ashes round the crown is a sufficient protection in winter, and even this is not necessary in the south. There is, however, a strong objection to the practice, common among tidy gardeners, of cutting away all the leaves as soon as they turn brown. The leaves protect the crown, and if they are removed it is fully exposed to atmospheric influences. It is much safer to let them remain until fresh growth starts in Spring.

H. C. Davidson.

Lawn Tennis in South Africa

Dr. A. J. Rowan, the winner of the Singles' Championship of South Africa, held at Port Elizabeth. Dr. Rowan was formerly one of the best players in Scotland. The South African Championship has also been won in former years by P. W. Sherwell, the captain of the South African cricketers, whose portraits are given below

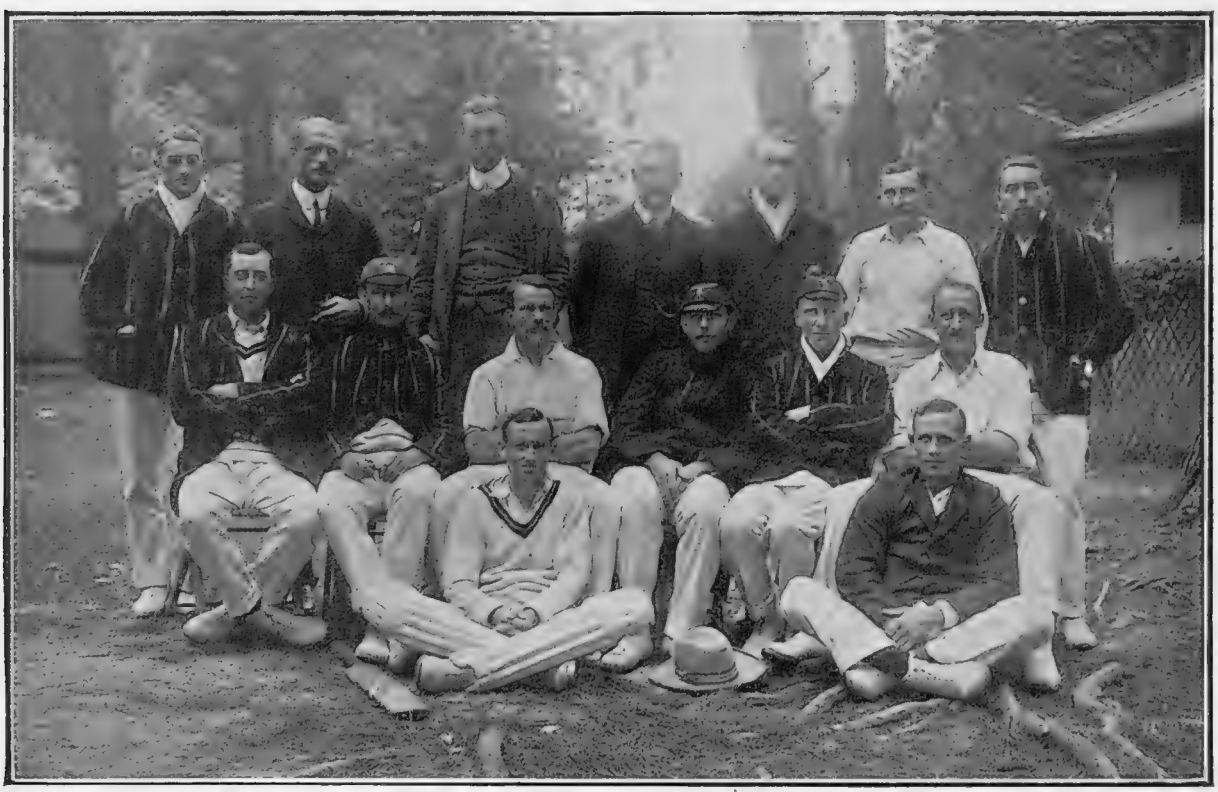
LAWN TENNIS

In Praise of Match Play

I am very glad to see that *Lawn Tennis* last week took for one of its leading articles the text upon which I, myself, have often preached—the importance of fostering the match-playing side of lawn tennis as distinguished from its tournament side. We all know that lawn tennis has made great strides of late years, but I think (and *Lawn Tennis* agrees with me) that there is some cause for regret that those strides have been made to such a large extent in the tournament department, and that match play has even declined somewhat in consequence. The one reproach that can be hurled at lawn tennis is that it is a "pot-hunting" game, and although this allegation can be met by the answer that it invariably costs a player more to win the pot than the pot itself is worth, yet I am convinced that the game will never take the really high position in sport to which it is entitled until its players—and especially its leading players—devote more of their energy and keenness to match play, and learn that the game is worth playing for its own sake, like cricket and football, and is not to be regarded merely as a means for displaying the personal prowess of each individual player.

The Davis Cup: Don't Miss It

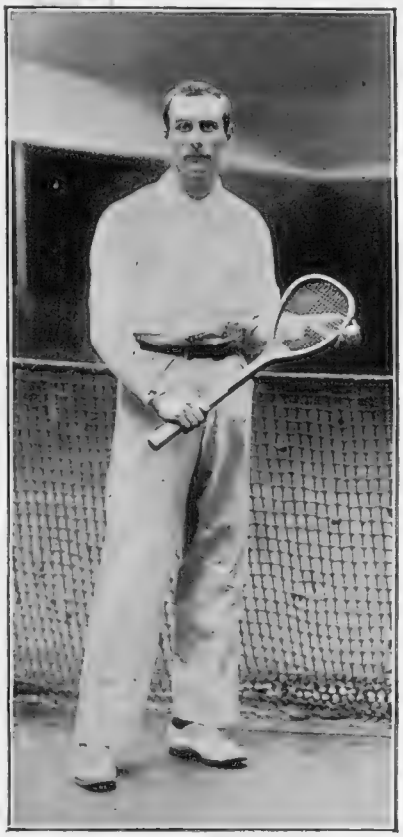
The arrangements for the Davis Cup International lawn tennis matches have now been completed, and, in view of the scramble which has taken place for reserved seats for the Championship meeting, and the disappointment



Photos] **The South African Cricketers** [*Arnold Keyzer*

The South Africans, who arrived in England last week, commenced practice at Lord's on Friday. The names, reading from left to right, are: (*Back Row*) C. A. Faulkner, A. D. Nourse, J. H. Sinclair, G. Allsop (Manager), S. D. Snooke, A. E. Vogler, G. C. White; (*Front Row*) M. Hathorn, R. O. Schwartz, P. W. Sherwell (Captain), J. J. Kotze, W. A. Shalders, L. J. Tancred; (*Seated on the ground*) S. J. Snooke and H. Smith

which so many people have experienced in failing to obtain them, it may, perhaps, be as well if I explain in detail what these arrangements are. The preliminary round—America *v.* Australasia—will be played at Wimbledon on July 13, 15, and 16, which means, probably, that two Singles will be played on the 13th, the remaining two Singles on the 15th, and the Double on the 16th. For these matches there will be no advance booking. Half a crown will be charged for admission to the ground, and another half-crown for a seat in the covered stands, or a shilling for one in the uncovered stand. On July 20, 22, and 23, also at Wimbledon, the Challenge round will be held—*i.e.* the winners of the match between America and Australasia against England. Here, again, the order of play will probably be the same, as I am assuming it to be for the preliminary round; but in this case reserved seats will be obtainable in advance in the covered stands for 15*s.* each. This payment secures a seat for all three days, and includes admission to the ground. The price of admission to the ground only will be 2*s.* 6*d.*, and seats in the uncovered stand (which cannot be booked in advance) will cost 2*s.* My experience is that the only way to see the show in comfort is to have 15*s.* worth. For one thing, it makes you independent of the weather, and for another it ensures you a good view. The matches will be better than they were last year, for both America and Australasia will be stronger, and England (unless the Dohertys can be prevailed upon to play) weaker, which means, to go a step further, that England will be in a pretty tight place. I, therefore, strongly recommend all who intend to be present to write for their seats at once to The Manager, International Meeting, All-England Lawn Tennis Club, Wimbledon.



The Tennis Championship

Mr. Eustace Miles, who, though he played a splendid match, was, nevertheless, defeated in the Championship by Mr. Jay Gould. His valiant effort to retain the trophy won him general admiration

"The Bystander" Prizes for Umpiring

I am pleased to be able to announce that The Bystander's modest efforts to make the life of that long-suffering individual, the lawn-tennis umpire, a little brighter and more purposeful have been so much appreciated that Bystander umpires' prizes will this year again figure on the programmes of most of the leading meetings, and a good many minor ones, too. In each case the prize will take the form of a "Mass" racket as heretofore, and I hope also, in cases where competition is keen, to be able to offer a supplementary prize, consisting of a box of Messrs. Lillywhite, Frowd and Co.'s balls, which I have been trying during the winter on covered courts with satisfactory results.

THE TENNIS AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

All's Well That Ends Well

The chief lesson to be learnt from the Tennis Amateur Championship, which was won by Jay Gould, the young American millionaire, on Saturday, from the holder, Eustace Miles, is that now that the International element has found its way into the competition the conditions under which it is held require to be more carefully defined than they have hitherto been. In the course of the eliminating rounds of the competition a question of some complexity arose, which was, fortunately, settled quite amicably, mainly owing to the sportsmanlike attitude of the person—Jay Gould himself—whom it chiefly concerned. But one knows what the American Press—or, rather, a certain section of it—is like, and it is not difficult to imagine the howl that might have been raised if Miles had happened to succeed in the defence of his title. The fact of his having definitely announced his intention of not playing before the competion began would have been fastened upon, and it would have been contended that the committee of management had no right to allow him to reconsider his decision, but that they let him do so because Gould was an American, and they did not want an American to win the Championship—with possibly a good deal more in the same, or even a less polite, strain. Of course, the real truth was that Gould, animated by the true sporting spirit, wanted to have another go at Miles quite as much as to win the Championship, and was very disappointed when he found that Miles didn't propose to defend, so that when Miles "thought better of it" Gould raised no objection (assuming that he was entitled to object), even though it involved putting off the date of his departure for America. And so the matter was quite easily arranged without any question arising. What is more, I think we may say — in words hallowed by long usage — that the best man won, without in any way detracting from the merits of the plucky fight which Miles, short of practice as he was, put up. But I think that, in view of possibilities which I have hinted at above, it is highly desirable for the managers of this Championship, before the time for holding it comes round again, to consider seriously how far a formal announcement by a holder that he does not intend to defend is binding upon him, and what is the latest time for the rescission of it.

Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A Small Car's Weekly Cost

So many people are now flirting with the idea of possessing a small car, but are deterred from serious consideration by a mistaken notion as to the expense incurred in keeping it up, that the following letter, lately received from a reader in India, may be of interest to some of THE BYSTANDER's patrons :—

I have seen some second-hand cars advertised in your paper and others which tempt me very much to buy one. I am not a wealthy man, nor even can I say I am in affluent circumstances. What I want to ask you to tell me is : suppose I buy a reliable, small car, second-hand, how much per week should I have to allow for its up-keep? I am coming home directly, on furlough, and should drive, say, 250 miles a week. I should not keep a man, and, in fact, should exercise the greatest economy. I want to be told just exactly the expense of maintaining the car.

* * *

Items to be Considered

Supposing my correspondent were to purchase, say, an 8 to 12 h.-p. small car in a thoroughly good condition, and, as I assume he is, were willing to keep the car thoroughly cleaned himself, it is surprising how little the expense would be. His initial expenditure would be registration, which costs £1 1s., but is not an annual charge. The carriage-tax for his car would cost him annually £2 2s., and his driving licence a further 5s. Stabling is a charge that depends very largely on circumstances, but the average person who is able to afford a small car probably has, if not a stable, at least a shed that he can adapt to his requirements. If he lives in Town, the stable rent has to be allowed for, but I will suppose that he can find storage room about his premises. The cost of petrol, oil, grease, paraffin, etc., would amount to about £45 10s. per annum, allowing twenty miles to the gallon and 250 miles covered per week. Tyres, of course, are a very important consideration, and in attempting to estimate their cost one cannot speak with certainty, so very much depends on luck and the way the driver treats his car. Nowadays, substitutes for pneumatics are being placed freely on the market, but assuming that the driver prefers pneumatics, is reasonably careful, and has average luck, I should allow £13 per annum for renewals. Other disbursements which must be allowed for, I also put down at £13 per annum, a fair allowance in the ordinary run of things. Insurance is necessary, and must be included as an up keep charge. Tips and such-like matters I do not include, as if one began to include incidental expenses it would be difficult to know where to stop.

Car-icature—No. XXV.: Lieut.-Col. Mark Mayhew

The founder of the Motor Volunteer Corps, he is now the Commanding Officer of the Army Motor Reserve, into which the original corps has been merged. At one time a member of the L.C.C., he is said to harbour aspirations to Parliamentary honours

(BY ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

The weekly up-keep bill for a small 8-12 h.-p. car, with pneumatic tyres, covering 250 miles per week, works out thus :—

	£	s.	d.
Renewing tyres	0	5	0
Petrol, oil, etc.	0	17	6
Other expenses	0	5	0
Insurance	0	4	0
	£1	11	6

That is a guinea and a half. People owning a small car and going out for week-ends, would spend appreciably less.

* * *

Police Methods

Not long ago I was a passenger on a car proceeding quietly through a London suburb, when a policeman stopped the driver. Immediately afterwards, two men in civilian costume, but minus collars, appeared and informed the owner that he was exceeding the speed limit. In view of the quiet pace of the car, and, moreover, seeing that the speed indicator showed just under fifteen miles an hour, the statement seemed remarkable. The men, however, declared that the car was going over twenty-five miles an hour, and one of them produced a cheap American chronometer as proof of his assertion. How carefully the police had measured the distance of the two hundred and twenty yards they were timing over, it would have been interesting to know, but the owner of the car did not dispute the matter with them, pleaded guilty, and was fined as usual. I am convinced to this hour that the car was not going at more than fifteen miles an hour, and my conviction is not lessened by the following account of a summons dismissed against Mr. Max Pemberton, proving clearly how unreliable these police-traps frequently are :—

SUMMONS AGAINST MR. MAX PEMBERTON DISMISSED

The summons was the outcome of a new police-timing arrangement instituted on the Fair Mile at Henley. It was elicited, on cross-examination by Mr. Moresby White, that the measured distance was a quarter-mile in length, and the policeman at one end was hidden behind a wall forty yards from the road. He climbed a ladder to time the car into the measured distance, and then waved a handkerchief to the sergeant. In order to see the policeman at the other end of the distance, the sergeant had to stand on a wheelbarrow behind a hedge several yards from the road. As the car passed him, he had to get out of the barrow, get to the hedge, and peep through to time the car out of the other end. He then whistled to another policeman and clambered back into the barrow before he could signal to the man at the other end to stop his watch.

14 H.-P. MINERVA, side entrance, Cape hood, glass shield, £200; 12-16 H.-P. LEADER four-cylinder car, bargain at £125; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Car run by the year.)

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE,
Bankers, LTD.
BASILDON HOUSE, BANK, LONDON, E.C.
Bureau de Renseignements à Paris, 32, Avenue de l'Opéra.
Or from any of its Branches.

EFFICIENCY!

By Special Appointment to H.M. The King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

The Claims made by various manufacturers on behalf of their special systems should, by the intelligent purchaser, be made subservient to those established by the

DAIMLER.

This car has already secured its reputation for high-class workmanship and efficiency, and its SUPREMACY in innumerable Hill Climbs, Road Trials, etc. (in which it beat many higher-powered Cars), during the past two years, is well known to the Automobile public.

Important Notice to Intending Buyers.

LOWEST PRICE PER HORSE POWER OF ANY HIGH-CLASS CAR.

An Illustrated Booklet of the above Successes with Full Particulars, will be sent on application to T47 Dept.

— THE —
Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.
COVENTRY: Daimler Works.
LONDON: 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate. BRISTOL: 18, Victoria Street. NOTTINGHAM: 96-98, Derby Road.

HEALTH
is worth preserving.

FERNET-BRANCA
BITTERS.

A marvellous Tonic and Digestive. Just a spoonful in water or coffee has immediate effect. These famous Bitters are recommended by medical men as an invaluable appetiser.

Fernet Branca of Fratelli Branca (Branca Bros.) of Milan.
Agents: Bowen & McKechnie, London, E.C.

G.N.R.
Whitsun Holidays

QUICKEST ROUTE
BETWEEN
LONDON (KING'S CROSS)
AND
SCOTLAND,
NORTH EASTERN DISTRICT,
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE,
YORKSHIRE,
LINCOLNSHIRE.

Accommodation Reserved.
Augmented Train Service.
LUXURIOUS RESTAURANT AND SLEEPING CARS.

Time Tables, Excursion Programmes, etc., can be obtained at any Great Northern Office, or from the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross Station, N. (NAT. TEL. No. 18 NORTH.)

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

THE BEST ROUTE FOR COMFORTABLE TRAVEL AND PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

Whitsuntide Excursions

Will be run from LONDON (St. Pancras), &c. (with bookings from City, Greenwich, and Woolwich Stations),

To upwards of 500 PLACES,

INCLUDING

THE MIDLAND COUNTIES | YORKSHIRE
DERBYSHIRE | THE LAKE DISTRICT
LANCASHIRE | THE ISLE OF MAN

IRELAND, and all parts of SCOTLAND.

EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS.

THE CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS, issued on Friday and Saturday, May 17th and 18th, from London (St. Pancras) to the PRINCIPAL SEASIDE and INLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Morecambe, Lake District, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, and Scotland, will be available for return on Wednesday, May 22nd.

For ordinary train service arrangements see the Company's Time Tables, &c.

PROGRAMMES FREE ON APPLICATION

To the DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT, MIDLAND RAILWAY, ST. PANCRAS, or to any MIDLAND STATION or OFFICE in the LONDON DISTRICT, or to any Office of THOMAS COOK & SON.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY TICKETS

Issued on Saturday, May 18th, will be available for return on Tuesday, May 21st.

Derby. W. GUY GRANET, General Manager.

Photo *Bassano*

Merry Maids a Motoring Go: A bevy of beauty

The fair passengers on this 16-20 h.-p. Argyll are: The Misses Firth, Webster, Erskine, Bell, and Carrington, of Daly's and the Vaudeville Theatres. The makers of Argyll cars claim that ladies may take full charge of one of their cars with every confidence, for the system of control is the acme of simplicity

Mr. Pemberton gave evidence, and stated that he had received double warning of the existence of the police-timing arrangement. His speedometer, which was recently tested, showed that he was only going fifteen miles an hour. There was no traffic on the road and scarcely any persons on the footpath. Mrs. Pemberton and Mr. Neville corroborated this evidence, and the magistrates, after a very brief consultation, dismissed the summons.

* * *

The Magistrate Responsible

The magistracy is really responsible for much of the ill-directed zeal of the police. By all means, let the police set traps to catch delinquents who break the laws by exceeding the speed limit. At the same time, magistrates should protect citizens, though they be motorists, by refusing to convict unless they are thoroughly satisfied that the charge is proved beyond all reasonable doubt. As things stand, a motorist goes into Court feeling that he is prejudged guilty, unless he can produce some very strong evidence to the contrary—usually a very difficult matter. The evidence of a policeman, squatting behind a hedge with a cheap American stop-watch, is enough to refute the word of the most distinguished and upright gentleman. So keenly is this injustice felt, that motorists, in nine cases out of ten, prefer to plead guilty and be done with it, hoping that before long the twenty-mile-an-hour limit will be relegated to the past, in exchange for a law making it an offence to drive recklessly or to the common danger. Only in such a way shall we escape the present system of petty persecution. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

The Reo car is booming at present. Over 110 tons of Reo chassis have just been delivered from America, while twenty-eight cars were sold at Cordingley's Show. In the Scottish Reliability Trials last year the Reo gained 798 marks out of a possible 800.

The cheapest four-cylinder car on the market is the Ford 15 h.-p. "Ford Junior," the price of which is £165.

H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

Mr. W. T. Lord (late of Messrs. Argylls, London, Ltd.) has now the management of Messrs. Sidney Straker and Squire, Ltd., Light Motor-Car Department, at 75, Shaftesbury Avenue, W. This firm are handling the well-known French "C.S.B." (Cornilleau and St. Beuve) car, and are shortly placing on the market a small car built entirely at their Bristol works, costing considerably under £500 complete.

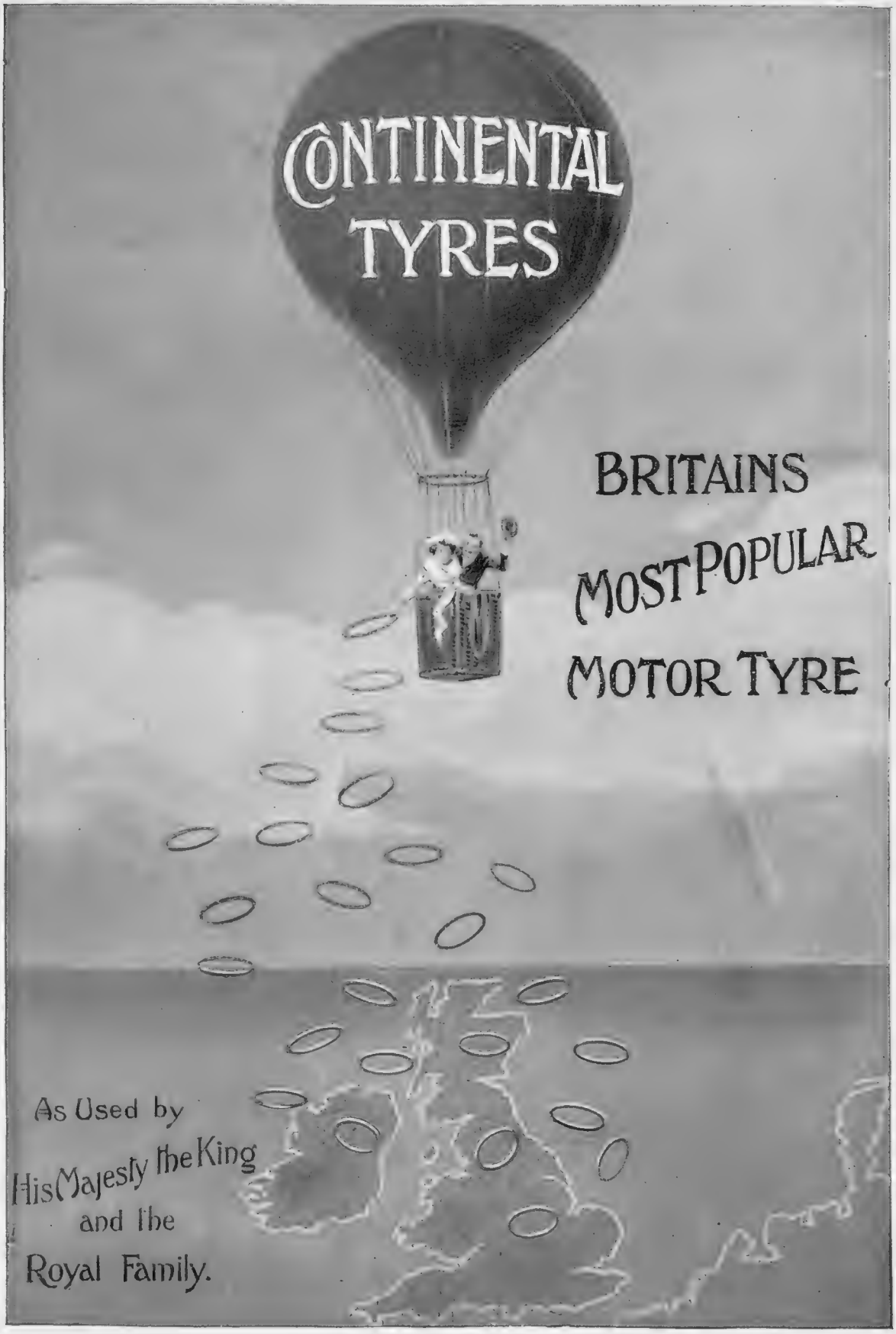
* * *

Car-icature—No. XXV.: Lieut.-Col. Mark Mayhew, Army Motor Reserve

The founder of the Motor Volunteer Corps—now merged in the Army Motor Reserve, of which Col. Mayhew is Commanding Officer—the subject of this week's Car-icature has been an ardent automobilist since motoring began. He narrowly escaped death in the ill-fated Paris-Madrid Race in 1903, but, with characteristic intrepidity, drove—and with distinction—in the Gordon Bennett trials and the Circuit des Ardennes in 1904. On his De Dion, Peugeot, and Napier cars, Col. Mayhew has toured over 60,000 miles, at home and abroad, and, in addition to being a Vice-President of the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, is a well-known member of the Automobile Clubs of France, Switzerland, and Nice. A good shot, and a keen fisherman, Col. Mayhew does not confine his enthusiasm for sport to any one particular branch, and he is a member of the Cavalry and Ranelagh Clubs, in addition to those already named. As a practical adherent to the principle of the utility of the self-propelled vehicle for commercial purposes, Col. Mayhew emphasised his views when he had a number of five-ton lorries, with internal combustion engines, constructed for the work of the great flour and grain milling works of which he is the head. At one time a Member of the London County Council, our subject is understood to harbour aspirations for Parliamentary honours, and in the event of his election to a seat in the House of Commons, his well-known views in favour of the adoption of motor transport for military purposes are bound to command the respect of his fellow-members. D. M.

WM. COLE AND SONS, LTD., KENSINGTON DISTRICT. New Garage always open. Repairs to all makes. First-class Cars for Hire.—235, Hammersmith Road, and 92, High Street, Kensington. Telephone: 3533 Western.

MANUFACTURED BY THE LARGEST TYREMAKERS IN THE WORLD.



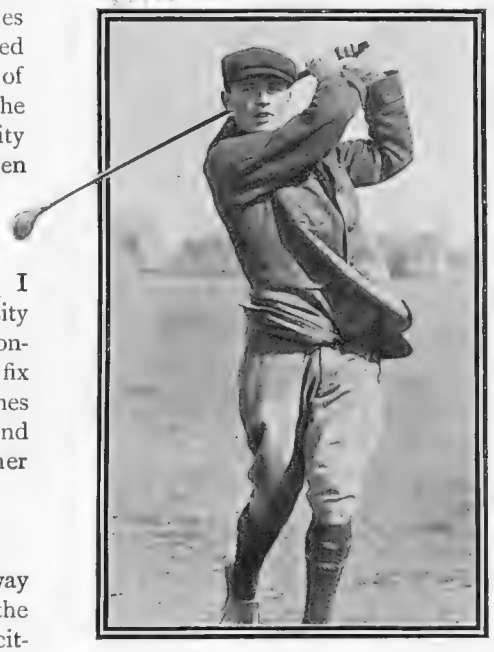
CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER CO. (GREAT BRITAIN), LTD.,
102-108, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.
Branches: 255, Deansgate, MANCHESTER. 3, Cadogan Street, GLASGOW. 183, Great Brunswick Street, DUBLIN.
Works: Hythe Road, Willesden, N.W.

Golf Notes and Notions

The 'Varsity Match

The 'Varsity match took place this year at Hoylake, where it was also played last year. I do not understand why the golf authorities of the two Universities should depart from the unwritten rule which governs all other 'Varsity contests, and which prescribes the Metropolis or its near suburbs as the proper place for all such matches. It would be much better if, in future, one of the big Metropolitan courses were chosen.

Now that we have two such fine links as Sunningdale and Walton Heath within easy reach of London, there seems no earthly reason why the 'Varsity Golf Match should not be played at one of them. Of the two, perhaps, Sunningdale is the more convenient of access; and I feel certain the ruling authorities of that club would be delighted to extend the hospitality of their club and course to the 'Varsity players. Old 'Varsity golfers, like myself, would then be able to see this match, whereas Hoylake makes it practically impossible for any but local men to watch it. I trust, therefore, that the 'Varsity authorities will consult the convenience of old players, and fix the match within the confines of the Metropolitan area, and so bring it into line with other inter-'Varsity fixtures.



Mr. M. T. Allen

The Cambridge captain, whose magnificent play gained his side the victory in the recent 'Varsity Golf Match at Hoylake

The Play

So much being said by way of protest, I will proceed to the match, which proved as exciting and closely contested as last year's was poor and one-sided. Cambridge, who had five choices from last year's victorious team, were hot favourites, but the event proved, as it has proved so many times in 'Varsity contests, that Oxford are a bad lot to lay against. The brothers Barry made a very bad business of their matches, and lost thirteen holes between them, A. G., the ex-Amateur Champion, suffering a severe defeat to the tune of seven holes at the hands of Mr. J. A. Robertson-Durham, whom Mr. Allen beat last year by six holes.

The hero of the match was, undoubtedly, the Cambridge captain, Mr. M. T. Allen, who wiped off the debit balance of thirteen holes caused by the rout of the Barry brothers, by placing thirteen holes to his credit at the expense of the Oxford captain, the Hon. C. N. Bruce. When Mr. Allen was twelve up with two holes to play, news was brought that the two 'Varsities were now level. The match, therefore, depended on the last two holes. Mr. Allen took the seventeenth and halved the eighteenth, though Mr. Bruce made a gallant effort to hole a longish putt to win the hole.

The London Amateur Foursome Competition

The final of this competition took place at Byfleet, the contestants being Woking, represented by Mr. B. Darwin and Mr. F. H. Mitchell, and South Herts, represented by Mr. A. C. Lincoln and Mr. W. H. Scarborough. Woking, as was generally anticipated, proved the winners by three and two, though South Herts worried them a bit towards the finish. The winners have been one of the two fancied pairs from the start, the other pair being Mid-Surrey, in the persons of Mr. Sidney Fry and Mr. J. Worthington. This latter pair received their quietus from the Richmond pair, Messrs. H. E. Taylor and J. F. Abercromby, after a terrific finish at Sunningdale. Unfortunately, Mr. Abercromby could not play when it came to the turn of Richmond to meet Woking, his place being taken by Mr. J. A. Healing. I take this opportunity of placing this fact on record, as most of the papers reported Mr. Abercromby as playing. I fancy that Mr. Abercromby's absence made a vast difference. His short play is so uncommonly good that he is an ideal partner for a fine free hitter like Mr. Taylor.

I do not wish to infer that Richmond would have beaten Woking, for it takes very good play to dispose of those two fine International players, Messrs. Darwin and Mitchell. But Messrs. Taylor and Abercromby's victory over Messrs. Fry and Worthington was such a great feat that it made them look very formidable. This does not, however, detract from the merits of Messrs. Darwin and Mitchell, to whom I tender my heartiest congratulations.

Cricketers' Inter-County Tournament

I have still another final to put on record, in the shape of the victory of Leicester *versus* Kent in the Cricketers' Inter-County Tournament. The result was in doubt right up to the finish, which ended in favour of the Leicester players, Mr. H. H. Marriott and Mr. G. W. Hillyard, by two and one against the Kentish men, Messrs. K. L. Hutchings and C. J. Burnup. Mr. Hillyard is one of the few men I know who has attained a first-class position in the three great games of cricket, golf, and tennis. His views on the subject of the inter-influence of these games on each other, which I was discussing the other day, would be most interesting.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Now Ready. Post Free.

HAMPTONS

New Catalogue K505, illustrating in colours all the latest and best productions in tasteful

Furnishing Fabrics

The Fabrics illustrated throughout this book afford typical examples of the interesting designs and pleasing colourings for which Hamptons' exclusive productions in Hangings and Furniture Coverings have so long been pre-eminent.

Now Ready. Post Free.

Hamptons' New Book N507, Illustrating their New Window Blinds and

Lace Curtains

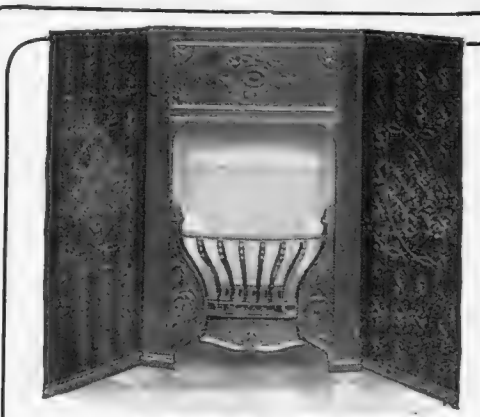
For the 1907 Season.

For many years past the fame of Hamptons' pre-eminence in the production of original and distinguished looking Lace Curtains has been attracting, in ever-increasing numbers, the most fastidious Clientèle in Europe and America, with the result that HAMPTON and SONS' stock of Exclusive Lace Curtains is now acknowledged to be the most attractive collection of really interesting and beautiful designs to be found in either Hemisphere.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR BOOK N507, SENT FREE.

Hamptons pay Carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain, and deliver free within thirty miles of Charing Cross.

Head Offices and only Showrooms,
Pall Mall East, London, S.W.



CARRON

XVIIIth Century Design Firegrates

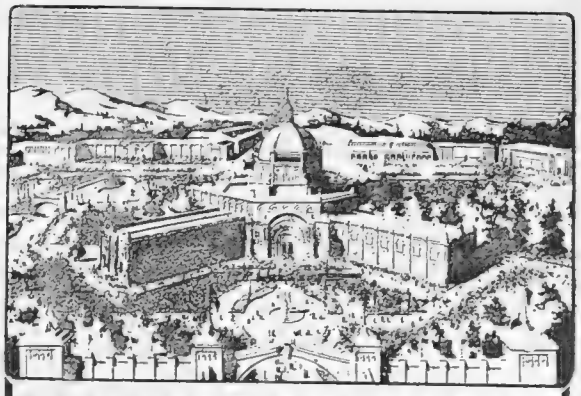
appeal to all who appreciate rare home decoration. They bespeak good taste and a noble conception of true architecture. Many of the designs are creations of eminent artists engaged at Carron over a century ago, when art in iron received such high expression. Supplied in various styles and sizes to harmonize with any scheme of room decoration.

No. 8 XVIIIth Century Design Firegrate
Catalogue forwarded on request.

CARRON COMPANY, CARRON, STIRLINGSHIRE.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1773.

SHOWROOMS—London (City) 15, Upper Thames Street, E.C.; (West End) 23, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, W.; Liverpool—30, Red Cross Street; Glasgow—125, Buchanan Street; Manchester—24, Brazennose Street; Bristol—10, Victoria Street; Newcastle-on-Tyne—13, Prudhoe Street Birmingham Guildhall Buildings, Stephenson Street; Dublin—44, Grafton Street.



Irish International Exhibition

DUBLIN.

NOW OPEN. MAY—OCTOBER.

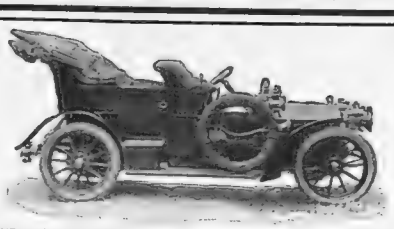
52 ACRES OF GROUNDS.

Special Excursions. Tickets to all parts of Ireland allow stop-over privileges at Dublin for the Exhibition.

ROUTES.—*Via* **HOLYHEAD—KINGSTON** (Mail Route.)
„ **HOLYHEAD—DUBLIN** (North Wall Route.)
„ **FISHGUARD—ROSSLARE** (New Route.)
„ **STRANRAER—LARNE** (Shortest Sea Route.)

Apply for particulars of Excursions and Trains to your Station-master.

A splendid opportunity to visit the beautiful scenery and interesting local associations of our sister isle; to see the development of Irish manufacturing and the world's progress in Commerce, Science and Art.



FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY, new 20-24 h.-p. MARTINI CAR; handsome side-entrance body, £525.—HILLS-MARTINI, Ltd., 43 and 44, Great Windmill Street, W.

WHEN PURCHASING OR HIRING A MOTOR CAR

there are other things to consider besides actual initial cost. An uncomfortable and unreliable Car is dear at any price. The right test of the value of a Car is its performance on the road. If it runs swiftly, smoothly, and silently without breakdowns it is cheaper than a Car that costs only half the price but runs noisily, erratically, and uncomfortably. At THE CANNSTATT AUTOMOBILE SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, 11a, REGENT STREET, S.W., prices are the lowest consistent with the highest quality. Every Car that leaves the Cannstatt premises is a model of reliability, efficiency, and comfort, and is complete with all fittings.

The latest models of the world's best Cars—

BENZ, MERCÉDÈS,
LEON BOLLÉE,

in stock, for hire or purchase.

The CANNSTATT Service is unrivalled. Repairs executed by experienced workmen, Replacements from stock, all Motor Accessories, Chauffeurs of skill and practical experience, lamps and all requirements, spacious Garage.

Write or call for all particulars—

THE CANNSTATT AUTOMOBILE SUPPLY ASSOCIATION,

SHOWROOMS—
11a, Regent St., London, S.W.

GARAGE—
Tottenham St., Off Tottenham Court Rd., W.

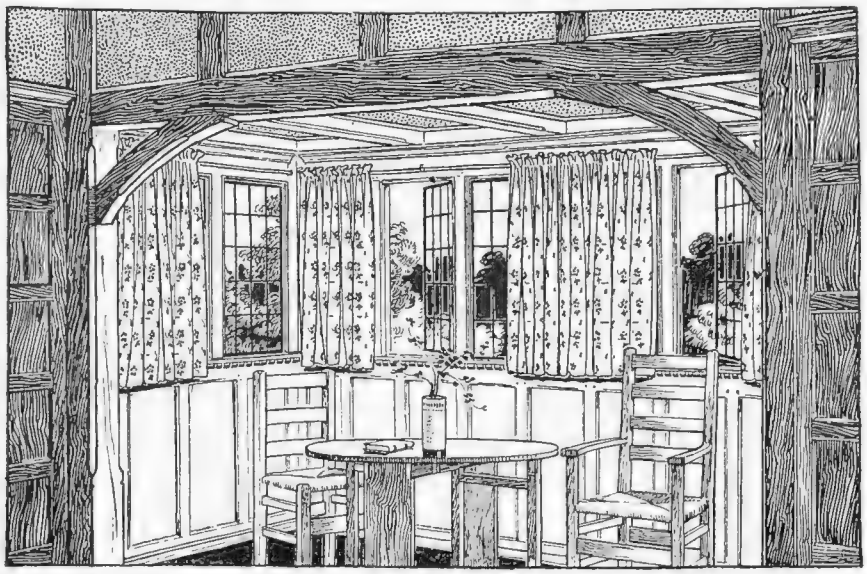
The Cult of the Cottage

A Cottage in the Garden City, designed by Lionel Crane

Although the supposed taste for the simple life is, like most other fashionable fads, rather ridiculous and hopeless, the movement has, at least, had one enduring and noble result: it has restored to Society that cottage of gentility which so amused Dr. Southey's early Victorian devil. But, instead of a double coach-house, which was the *mode* then, there is now room to house a convenient motor, whose useful service makes the cottage more than ever comfortable. Richmond, Windsor, Tunbridge Wells, or any other charming town near London, is rich in neighbouring cottages—small houses which have stood the test of time, or modern structures which combine as far as may be the simplicity of the old with the more sophisticated comforts of our time. To escape from the luxurious life of a Mayfair flat to rustic things—from Saturday till Monday—is a delightful idea, but, unless the cottage business is very well managed, it can be anything but a change for the better. One great difficulty in regard to this new housing question has hitherto been connected with the furniture. It would, of course, be a vulgar mistake to spend much on the cottage. Cottons and flax must stand where silks have been, and plain oak or unpolished white wood where marquetry and mahogany and satinwood have stood. Instead of the Georgian silver of your London house, simple brass and copper; in lieu of delicate porcelains of urban life there must be simple cottage table-wares. The embarrassment in this connection has, however, now been entirely removed. I have just been over the showrooms of Messrs. Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, and seen the result of their inspired attempt to wrestle with the problem of simple cottage furniture. One interesting example that this firm has completed is that of a cottage in the Garden City. The plain hand-made oak therein used is full of quiet distinction, and that restful, simple grace of a day that had seemed dead, but which they have very cleverly induced to come back to us. But although there is plenty of old-world charm in their reproductions of the wheel-back Windsor chairs, the oak dressers, and plain benches of the farmhouses of two hundred years ago, there are many other pieces, especially, perhaps, in the painted or fumed oak bedroom sets, which show a delicacy and refinement—a care for comfort and hygiene—which certainly improves on the household plenishment familiar to our rude forefathers. From the simple, plaited green rush matting for your parlour floor to the agreeable mirror for your toilet, from the restful Grey Goose bolster to the most pleasing reproduction of a Stuart gate-leg table, Messrs. Heal have considered every point that you can possibly raise, and are prepared to furnish your simple cottage from "base to dome" in a way that is at once cheerful and charming, in perfect keeping with the simplicities we all admire, and yet not unmindful of the luxury and grace which, without our being quite aware of it, are the necessities of our age.

E. M.

Plain oak table and wheel-back Windsor chairs for the cottage of simplicity



A casement window

Letters from Celebrities.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET ON NERVOUSNESS.

"INDUSTRIAL FARM COLONY,

"DUXHURST,

"DEAR FRIEND, "*April*, 1907.

"Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come into contact with so many who, for these very reasons, fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery, and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may, in a measure, account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble—namely, that your nerve-force is seriously overspent.

"It is important to understand that, in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that, to recuperate the vigour we have lost, we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

"Of course, the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended; but, having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it; but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues, to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"Sanatogen, undoubtedly, restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life, and a feeling of hopefulness, not hitherto experienced.

"When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work, and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner. . . . . .

Isabella Somerset"

The above is an abstract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents widely known. Additional information on the same subject may be obtained from the Sanatogen Company, 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 5*s.*, and 9*s.* 6*d.*

ELKINGTON

SILVERWARE FOR PRESENTS.

Selections on Approval. Catalogues Free.

061,015
Silver-Mounted Cut-Glass Spirit Bottle.
14 ins. high, **16/6**

061,093
Sterling Silver Manicure Set, in Silver Casket.
Complete, **£3 : 3 : 0**

061,018
Sterling Silver Sugar Dredger.
6½ ins. high, **£2 : 7 : 6**

ELKINGTON & CO., LTD.,

London Showrooms:

22, Regent Street, S.W. **73, Cheapside, E.C.**

(Below Piccadilly Circus.)

BIRMINGHAM: NEWHALL ST. | LIVERPOOL: LORD ST. | GLASGOW: ST. VINCENT ST. | MANCHESTER: ST. ANN'S SQ. | NEWCASTLE: NORTHUMBERLAND ST. | CANADIAN AGENTS: A. T. WILEY & CO., MONTREAL. | CALCUTTA: ESPLANADE.

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The orchards white with blossoms, and the gorse blazing with glory, afford one the sense of a delightful well-being—a sort of "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world." Under such influence, it seems difficult to concentrate on anything but the joyousness of life. Yet, such is the perversity of things, Society insists that we shall just now be inordinately fussy and fumed over our clothes and our engagements. Perpetual movement is the law of our latter-day existence; and just what a hold this has got of us is, perhaps, only realised when we have half an hour absolutely without any claims thrust on our hands. What to do with it, or ourselves, then becomes a problem, and, nine times out of ten, we concentrate it to some fresh movement.

From observation, I am disposed to believe that the present decade holds no two more difficult demands than, on the one hand, to sit still, and, on the other, to listen intelligently. It is a fact that nobody listens nowadays, while everybody talks. Our tongues, like our bodies, are animated by a perpetual unrest. All of which, of course, has nothing whatever to do with my allotted rôle in life, the translation of dress.

An Example of the "Fichu" as now Worn

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Linen Coats and Coarse Crochet Lace

Never, in our most extravagant flights of fancy, did we conjure up the possibilities of the real old-fashioned, loosely crocheted lace, such as was used in underwear, being revived in the cause of outward adornment. But such is the case, and one that confronted me the other day in connection with a short, loose coatee of heavy white linen, a quite charming persuasion, caught my eye and appreciation simultaneously. There was some braid introduced, together with the lace, and the latter was the roughest, coarsest quality imaginable, what children would call "lumpy," and it was inserted. Worn with a well-cut navy serge or cloth skirt, and dainty lingerie slip, I have great ideas as to the future of this white linen and lace coatee, which the purveyors of blouses have taken up as a rightful prerogative.

Meanwhile, the fancy for *filet* lace grows apace, the open-work ground and conventional treatment alike appealing as of the best artistic value. A peculiarly effective variety reveals a charming design of *végétale* silk, that comes out excellently in all black, while another notable novelty is worked in the two tones of ivory and ochre. But in any and every aspect will *filet* lace occupy a foremost place in the esteem of the elect this season.

A Melée of Little Things

These matter so very much just now, that they are almost disposed to overshadow the larger and more important parts of the toilette. On the kimono *bretelles* a very tome might be written. They are fashioned of *chêne* ribbon, lace, and taffeta, together with a plethora of hand-worked fancies, and, truth to tell, one has to watch very closely to distinguish when

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

Rudge-Whitworth
Britain's Best Bicycle

RUDGE-WHITWORTH COVENTRY

SOME QUESTIONS

to ask before you order your new bicycle.

1. Is it made in England by British Labour of British Materials.
2. Has it a signed certificate of guarantee for 10 years?
3. Is it made in works devoted solely to Cycles where no Motors distract the energy and attention of managers and workmen?
4. Is every detail (chain, rims, saddle, tyres, etc.) guaranteed by the maker of the bicycle?
5. Is it built under control of scientific tests in properly equipped Research Laboratories?

Only one bicycle can reply "YES" to all these questions, and that is the RUDGE-WHITWORTH, of which there are 81 models from £5.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR EASY PAYMENTS.

Apply to-day for the New 64 page Catalogue (a work of art) post free from

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd.,
Dept. 231 COVENTRY.

LONDON: 230 Tottenham Court Road, 23 Holborn Viaduct. 160 Regent Street.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN

With new hemstitched frills, 3 yards long, **8/3** per pair. Plain frills, **6/9** per pair. Sample Book of Muslins sent on approval. Roman Carpets, Cretonnes, Tapestries, Casement Curtains. Patterns on approval. Picture Book of Lace Curtains. Blinds, Carpets, Furniture, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, Bedsteads, Bedding. Post Free.

THE BELVOIR WICKER ARBOUR. With let-down Flap Table for Books, Needlework, etc. Being light it is easily turned in any position. Shelters from wind and sun. Price, complete, in striped tick, **£3 : 5.** Shower-proof, **£4 : 7 : 6.**

Made to fold flat, 15s. extra.

Catalogue of Wicker Furniture Free.

GORRINGE & Co.,
69a, Dept., QUEEN'S WALK, NOTTINGHAM.

MAKERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

WRIGHT'S BILLIARD TABLES

AND TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ARE KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Showrooms: 7, ARGYLL STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

Telegrams: "Billiards, London." Telephone: 5156 Gerrard—2013 Central.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All general Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE. C. F. Ravenscroft, *Secretary.*

Brighten up Your Home

—make all the metal things shine and sparkle. It is so easy and the effect is so well worth while. Globe Metal Polish imparts a really lasting polish of dazzling brilliancy to metals—almost instantly. Unlike common polishes Globe Polish cannot harm the finest metal-work or the most tender skin.

Paste in Tins—Liquid in Cans.

Raimes & Co., Ltd., Tredegar Rd., Bow, London, E., and Stockton-on-Tees.

GLOBE METAL POLISH

these adjustments cease to be *bretelles* and become sleeveless blouses or boleros. There is no getting away from their immense serviceableness; nor, on the other hand, is there any disguising the fact of their already acquired ubiquity. There is a brace arrangement, with sash-ends at the back, that is less assertive in character, and which, by reason of its reasonableness, appeals as amenable to individual adjustment. Then, I have a perfectly delightful lingerie stock collar to describe, that should very quickly usurp the place of the hard turn-over collar, that so very, very few women can wear with an appearance

The Severely Picturesque Dinner Gown

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

that is at once smart and becoming. Smart and Parisian, the deep embroidered linen collar is, most indubitably, but really becoming only about once out of ten times. Well! my fresh find comprises a high-tucked band of lawn or muslin, the top edge of which is finished with a tiny pleated frill of the same, and the base by a coloured silk tie, obviously modelled on that worn by a man in evening dress. I have not, for some long while, been so genuinely pleased with any neck fitment as with this particular arrangement, which boasts all the upright influence of the adored collar, and is yet infinitely more in sympathy with fair femininity.

A furore, too, that is unmistakably earnest, is being made over embroidered linen belts, lingerie belts as they are called, in the easy colloquialism of the day. Myself, I am not deeply enamoured of the departure, but in all faithfulness let it be chronicled, and the result enjoyed by those who are not of my opinion.

The Severely Picturesque Evening Gown

In the midst of much that is extravagantly ornate, the eye turns with a grateful sense of repose to the rather hard little evening frock, always provided the right personality essays its wear. Our artist portrays exactly the required *ensemble*. The gown, a veritable picture affair, is fashioned of meteor satin, and, accorded the assistance of auburn hair, would be enchanting in very delicate apple-green, the chemisette and sleeves of white Dalghari *crêpe*. The heavy *rouleau* finishing the upturned hem is just one of the minor details that makes for notability in such a studiously simple design as is this.

A black Liberty satin, with which I am intimately acquainted, is arranged something after this manner, but with a *décolletage* more round of form, and a continuous tucker of black tulle, drawn up on a silver cord. Otherwise, the same severity obtains, and in black, of course, is even more daring. But, worn with an air, this type of evening toilette commands an assured success, and is very nearly always safe to be in the minority, and, consequently, gains enormously in distinction.

Fascinating "Fichus"

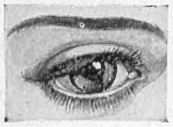
Some time ago I had occasion to refer to *fichus* as an accepted outdoor accessory for the summer months. Already the prediction is verified, those just recently returned from Paris bringing reports, as well as many realised presentments, of *fichus* verily replete with fascinations. In some instances, a shapeliness is added by drawing the folds into the waist, beneath a large buckle rosette or triple arrangement of buttons; while in others the most perfect freedom prevails. Long stole ends are a frequent feature, and these are sometimes crossed in front, and knotted at the back, Romney fashion. Ravelled-out ruches are a never-failing decorative resource, an alternative being provided in a close *coquille* arrangement of lace or self-coloured hand embroideries on the *fichu* itself.

The diversities are positively bewildering, alike in form and decoration, and it was, therefore, a task fraught with some distraction to make selection of our pictured design; this, a confection of pale blue taffeta, has the fulness held over the shoulders in a series of stitched pleats, a treatment that serves to set the edge out in a singularly effective fashion. Arranged to accompany a fête gown of pale blue *marquisette*, the skirt ornamented with a wide panel of *filet* lace, and the corsage a mass of mingled laces, the finish afforded by this *fichu* is of a particular *cachet*, the modish *chapeau* of natural panama repeating the note of colour in a dyed Paradise feather.

Readers in the Colonies

If readers in the Colonies or abroad have any difficulty in obtaining The Bystander, we would remind them that if their subscription is paid direct to this office, their copy will be posted to them punctually every week. The rate for a year's subscription, including postage, is £1 16*s.* 10*d.*, for six months 18*s.* 5*d.*, and for three months 9*s.* 3*d.*

"CYCLAX" REMEDIES.



EYELASH TONIC. Powerful producer of Eye-Lashes. Price **2/6**

EYE LOTION. Relieves Strain. Clears and brightens the Eyes and strengthens the Sight. Perfect Tonic. Price **6/6**

EYEBROW POMADE. Stimulates Growth and intensifies Colour. Price **3/6**

ALL WOMEN can become **Permanently** and **Naturally Beautiful** by using **"Cyclax" Remedies** FOR THE SKIN.

Diagram showing mode of wearing the "CYCLAX" Chin-Strap for the treatment of the Skin and Muscles of the Throat. The Price of the **"CYCLAX" Chin-Strap is 6/6**

The Secret of the **Perfect Complexions** of the noted beauties of the day is now disclosed; and the **Remarkable Preparations** which have produced and retained these **Extraordinary Results** are **at last obtainable by the General Public**, although for years they have been **exclusively supplied** by a Specialist solely to her private patients.

ABBREVIATED LIST OF "CYCLAX" REMEDIES:—

SKIN FOOD—Nutritive and Emollient. Refreshes and nourishes the Skin as water does the plant. Price **7/6** and **4/-**

SUNBURN LOTION—Allays all irritation caused by exposure to heat or cold. Prevents flushings due to sudden changes of temperature. Price **8/6** and **4/6.**

SALUSTA CREAM—Certain remedy for all kinds of pimples from whatever cause arising. Sure and harmless. Price **4/6**

LUSTROZENE—Paste or Liquid—Darkens and beautifies eyebrows and eyelashes. Imparts great brilliancy to the eyes. Price (paste) **2/6**, or (liquid) **4/6**

LIP LOTION—Cures most obstinate cases of cracked lips and intensifies colour. Price **3/-**

SPECIAL LOTION—The keynote of the proper treatment of the Skin. Cleanses it immediately from all impurities and acidity, blackheads, &c. Price **10/6** and **5/6**

BRACEINE—Magnificent tonic; invigorates the muscles and rejuvenates the face. Price **7/6**

COMPLEXION MILK—Whitens the Skin. Eradicates all lines. Price **7/6** and **4/-**

TRANSFORMING LOTION—Most excellent protective agent, which imparts lovely transparent whiteness to the Skin. Price **6/6** and **3/6**

FACE POWDER—Unlike any other powder. Invisible and antiseptic. Price **6/6**

BLOOM OF NATURE POWDER—Exact reproduction of natural colour. Price **3/6**

"CYCLAX" SOAP.—Whitens and softens the Skin. Emollient as washing in milk. Price **3/6** per Tablet or **9/6** per box.

THROAT LOTION (price **7/6**) is specially compounded to be used with the "CYCLAX" CHIN-STRAP and never fails to restore the contour of the Face.

Write for Descriptive Booklet (with full description and directions for the use of the **"CYCLAX"** Preparations and price list of same) entitled **"The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty."**

All Parcels sent post free in the United Kingdom. Cheques or Postal Orders must accompany every order.

THE "CYCLAX" COMPANY (Trade Mark Registered) **58, South Molton St., London, W.**

Rowland's Kalydor

A most Soothing and Refreshing Preparation for the Skin, and makes the

FACE AND NECK

beautifully Soft and White. It effectually disperses Freckles, Redness, Roughness of the Skin; Cures, Soothes, and Heals all Irritation, Cutaneous Eruptions, Spots, &c., renders the

SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH,

and produces a Beautiful, Pure, and Delicate Complexion. Bottles, **2/3** & **4/6.** Of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid worthless substitutes, and buy only Rowland's Kalydor.

CALLAGHAN'S NEW PRISMATIC BINOCULAR.

Price in Sling Case, £7 10 0

Price in Sling Case, £7 10 0

Great brilliancy of definition. Large field of view. Magnifying power 7 diameters. Weight, 18 oz. Height, 3¾ inches.

23a, New Bond Street, London, W.

Opticians by special appointment to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

13 to 27 Days, £12 to £34.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS. BEST HOTELS. INCLUSIVE PRICES.

Tours and Cruises.

LANFRANC (Twin Screw), 6,400 tons, London May 11.

JEROME, 3,100 tons, Liverpool May 18, London May 21.

OTHER SAILINGS EVERY TEN DAYS.

BOOTH LINE, 8, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London. 30, James Street, Liverpool.

Goddard's Plate Powder

For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c. Sold everywhere 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

KEATING'S KILLS BEETLES POWDER

Tel. 3501 Mayfair.

Crême de Japon

A skin of beauty is a joy for ever.

LATEST AND BEST FACE CRÊME.

Guaranteed not to produce hair.

A Boon to Lady Motorists.

In Jars, 2/-, 4/-, 6/-.

Treatments for the Face and Neck, 5/-

Manicure, 2/6.

A CRÊME DE JAPON CIE,

13 & 14, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

GARDEN SHELTERS

The "Windsor" Shelter, in Green Stripe Tick,

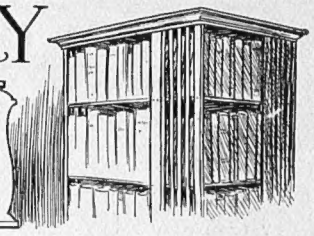
55/-

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Garden Tents and Shelters.

HEELAS, LTD. READING.

(PATENTEES).

THE LIBRARY



Books to Order This Week

"Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia." By J. Loraine Petre. (John Lane.)
"The Last of the Mammoths." By Raymond Turenne. (Chatto: 2s. 6d.)
"The Glen o' Weeping." By Marjorie Bowen. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

Lord Roberts Invades the Library

Lord Roberts, with his cry of "*Aux Armes, Citoyens!*" is ubiquitous. Not only can one scarcely pick up a paper without finding that he has been pointing somewhere, by word of mouth, the moral of military efficiency, but there is now a considerable danger of his invasion of the library. That a history of the "war of the future" should be lacking in a recommendation by "Bobs" has become as inconceivable as that a religious pot-boiler should lack one from a Bishop. His lordship now threatens to put his approving seal also on the history of the war of the past. Here is Mr. J. Loraine Petre's history of *Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia* (Lane), normally a nice cosy book for one's armchair. A few prefatory words by "Bobs," and lo! it becomes red-hot propaganda. Prussia, in 1806, was unprepared, self-satisfied, defended by a professional Army and a poorly organised Militia. Shilly-shallying whether to join Napoleon against Austria and Russia, or Austria and Russia against Napoleon, she fell between the two fires, and was annihilated at Jena. For Prussia of 1806, according to "Bobs," we are to read England of a century later; and the trend of the preface is practically to warn us that we are as unprepared as Prussia, that as Prussia fell to Napoleon, so may we, unless we are very careful, fall to Germany. The book itself, read with Lord Roberts's warning ringing in one's ears, assumes a significance it would otherwise lack to the reader. "Lucid in style and admirable in arrangement, it gives," says the noble preface-writer, "a more complete and concise account of this epoch-making struggle than has yet appeared in the English language."

That German Invasion!

In this connection, by the way, quite the approved *mode* for clever young journalists in their first novels is the flesh-creeping forecast of that awful German invasion of the near future. Mr. A. J. Dawson's *The Message* (E. Grant Richards: 6s.) is written with too strong a political bias against a "Government of Economy, anti-Imperialism, and disarmament," to be actually convincing. Like most journalists of his school (hails he not from the *Evening Standard*?), he refuses even to consider that there may be a method in the supposed economical madness of the department controlled by Admiral Fisher. Further, there is some lack of originality in laying the scene of the German invasion in East Anglia. Really, I think Mr. Dawson and his fellow-alarmists pay scant tribute to the astuteness of the Germans in supposing they would invade us at a point which is, notoriously, under closer and more constant watch than any other.

Our Probable Defence Against the Enemy

Has it never occurred to writers of Invasion stories that, if the Germans *were* to catch the Navy napping, and effect a surprise landing on our shores, the obvious defensive method of the present Government would be, not guns, but banquets; not shells, but speeches? Is the lesson of General Botha entirely without its suggestiveness? Surely the picture that could be drawn of the Retreat from London of the German Army of 1910—heavy-eyed, round-bodied, weak-kneed, dull, drowsy, dyspeptic—could surpass in tragic appeal anything that might be said of Napoleon's little trouble at Moscow!

Mr. Kipling Himself a "Son of Martha"

Martha and Mary were excellent souls, and the place they occupy in Scripture is grudged them by nobody. Whether, however, the world is specially grateful to Mr. Kipling

THE WATCH ON THE WINE!

The Coming German Invasion: How the Government will, in all probability, meet and defeat the enemy

(By Norman Morrow)